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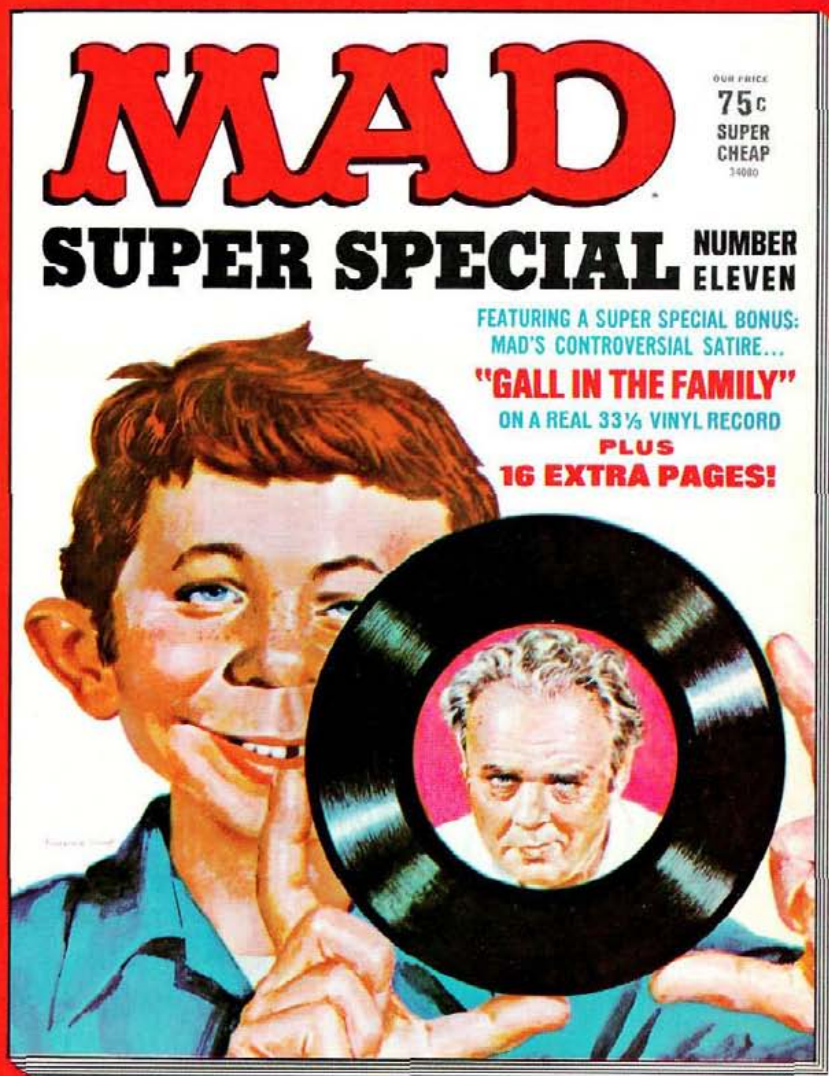


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the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.



GOING THY WAY, GOING WAY OUT

I suspect that writer Lou Silverstone is no more Vatican-esque than I, but his "Going Thy Way" reflected a knowing holier-than-now humor. And his follow-up, "Going Way Out", comes closer to what should be the Gospel truth.

Carol Bortstein
Bronx, N.Y.

Congratulations to Silverstone and Torres on "Going Thy Way" and "Going Way Out". All I want to know is what happens after Kowalski...?

Jenny Jacobs
Jericho, Vt.

Angelo Torres and Lou Silverstone gave us a blessed event in their perceptive then and now churchgoings on.

Shirley Jo Probert
San Marino, Calif.

LIGHTER SIDE OF LEISURE TIME

Regarding Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of Leisure Time", I concluded that I read MAD so much, I don't have any leisure time!

Lisa Perillo
Staten Island, N.Y.

MAD PREDICTIONS OF NATIONAL INFAMY?

Apparently, MAD Magazine was trying to prepare us for Watergate, way back in 1971!

Gene Gladson
Indianapolis, Ind.

A MAD LOOK AT WEDDINGS

Sergio's spread on "Weddings" was hilarious and, as usual, his Drawn-Out Dramas were great. Although there are many great cartoonists in MAD, he is Numero Uno in my book. And your book.

Mark Cardigan
Shrewsbury, Mass.

Upon reading "A MAD Look At Weddings", I've decided to remain a bachelor.

Bill Fridl
Yonkers, N.Y.

Sergio Aragonés' "A MAD Look At Weddings" really takes the cake!

Lynne Ware
Pine Bluff, Ark.

CORPORATE ECOLOGIST OF THE YEAR

If any industrialists happen to read "MAD's Corporate Ecologist Of The Year", maybe industry could learn to use paper as efficiently as Lou Silverstone and Paul Coker, Jr. Congratulations on your paper product.

Mikael Lancaster
Palo Alto, Calif.

After reading "MAD's Corporate Ecologist Of The Year", I wondered how come it's the first time I've ever seen anything against garbage...inside of garbage.

Clif McQueen
Saginaw, Mich.

YEAR BOOK THAT TELLS IT LIKE IT IS

I enjoyed "A High School Year Book That Tells It Like It Really Is." Rolling Stones High School...? Is that where writer Tom Koch got his "education"?

Jon Deininger
Tamaqua, Pa.

Tom Koch and Jack Rickard described the Youngstown, Ohio, City Schools so magnificently!

Larry Tropepe
Boardman, Ohio

Back cover of MAD #147, December, 1971



CANNONBALL

"Cannonball" by Dick De Bartolo and Jack Davis was super. Let's see how many more like these they can throw up.

Kevin Carroll
Washington, D.C.

I just couldn't swallow your "Cannonball"! Who wants to see a guy eating every time you turn the page? But your introduction to it was brilliant!

Anne Shearing
Orono, Maine

William Conrad, who plays Cannon, is a truly dedicated and exceptional actor. Glad to see him immortalized by artist Jack Davis. May they both live off the fat of the land!

Lyra Halprin
Santa Monica, Calif.

Jack Davis and Dick De Bartolo served up a delicious satire on "Cannon".

Eric Holmberg
Glenshaw, Pa.

You said Frank Cannon suffers from the worst handicap, being overweight. I'm fat and I'm proud!

Bill Mapes
S. Daytona, Fla.

"Cannon" is a great show and he can't help it if he's fat.

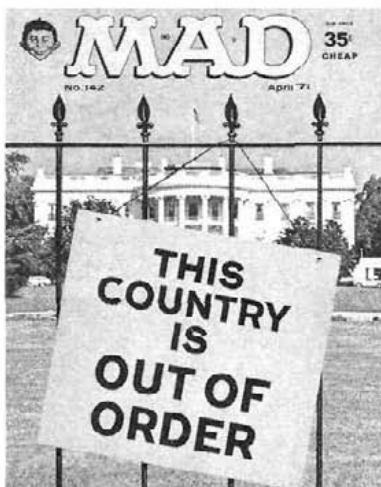
Larry Metzger
Arleta, Calif.

"Cannonball" was a big, fat success!

Mike Pryich
Rock Springs, Wyo.

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Front cover of MAD #142, April, 1971



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Hi, there, you good-looking devil, you! This is **your picture** coming up! It's all about how you ruin two girls, **shatter** their Mothers, **destroy** their Fathers, and end up with **fame and fortune!** In other words, it's just another **typical American Success Story!** And it opens on a **Jewish Wedding . . .** where you've already **eaten** Chopped Liver, Stuffed Derma, Gefilte Fish, Pickled Herring, and two pounds of Hot Pastrami! Which explains **why you're known as:**

THE HE



Look at them! Benny and Lulu! Such a nice couple!

It should be a wonderful, happy marriage!

I'm not so sure! He keeps referring to his **FIRST WIFE!**

I didn't know Benny was married before!

He wasn't! He keeps referring to **LULU** as his first wife!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

Isn't it exciting, Benny? After our Honeymoon in Miami, we'll come back here to New York, and spend the rest of our lives together! How long do you think we'll live?

If you plan on going out at **NIGHT**, about **15** or **20** minutes!

Someone's in the kitchen with Di-nah . . .
Someone's in the kitchen I know-ow-ow-ow!
Someone's in the kitchen with Di . . . **NAHH . . .**

Okay, Mac! Pull over t'the side!

What's wrong, Officer? I was **only** doing **35**, I was on the **right** side of the road, I didn't go through any lights and I didn't pass any stop signs!

I'm booking you for "**Lousy Singing!**"

Boy, I've heard of **Speed Traps** here in the South, but this is **ridiculous!**



ART BURN KID

Poor Lulu!
Why her? She
had so much
to live for!
She was too
young to die!

Bernice, this
is Lulu's
wedding, not
her funeral!

Wanna bet?!

It was really
a very lovely
wedding...
but wasn't
that a strange
interruption?!

Look, they ALWAYS say. "If anyone
knows any reason why this wedding
should not take place, let him now
speak, or forever hold his peace!"
Okay, so today ONE GUY objected!

Yeah!
I
know!
But
the
GROOM?!

Listen, Benny married her
just in time! I hear some
guy's been begging her to
get married for years!

Who's that?

Her Father!



WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Gee, I
just
can't
believe
I'm
married!

Neither can I,
Benny! Let's make
out... right now!

In a car?! Going
60 miles an hour?!

I don't care! I want
you this very second!

God! I can't believe
I'm married! Okay...
let's make out!

Not now! I just
got a terrible
headache!

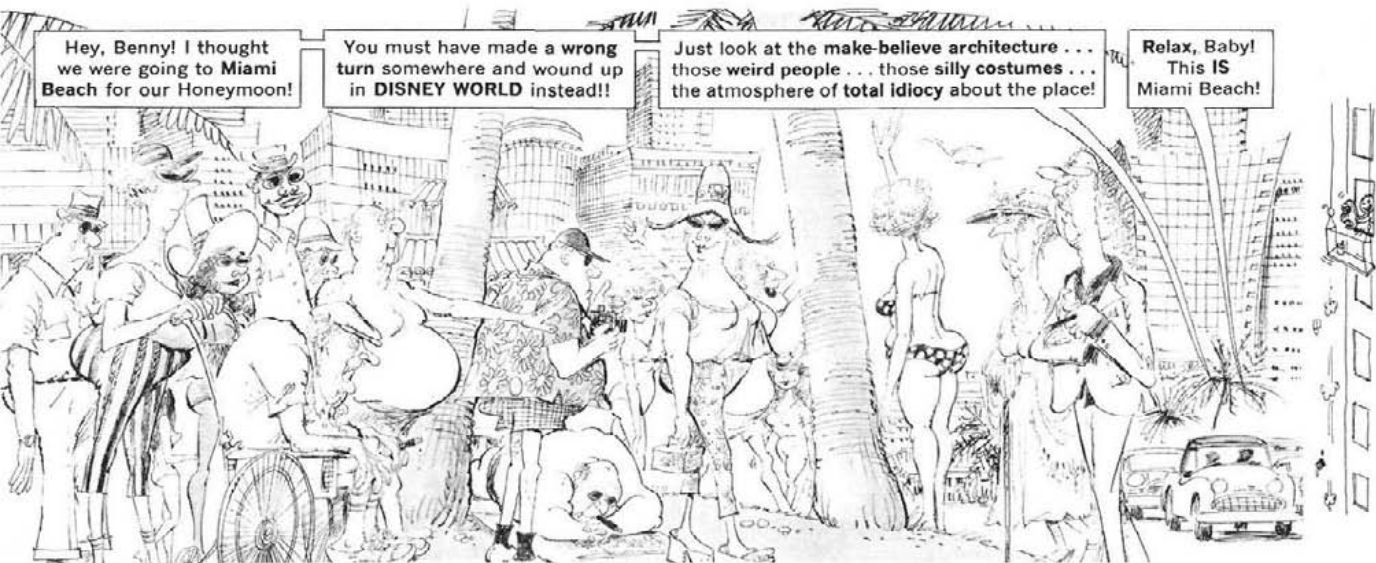
I'm married,
all right!

We'll make Miami Beach by tomorrow at Noon! In the
meanwhile, Baby, tonight, just as soon as we finish
dinner, we're gonna get a motel room, I'm gonna put
on some soft music, I'm gonna turn the lights down
low, and then, do you know what I'm gonna do...?

No, what are you gonna do?

I'm gonna THROW UP!!







Are you glad you married me, Benny?

You bet, Lulu! This is the life! No more fights, okay? From now on, it's you and me together for the rest of our lives! I love you very much...

Oooh, Benny... you're so sexy! What are you thinking about right now?



A DIVORCE!

Oh, Benny! You're so funny!

I think I'm getting burned, so I better get out of the sun!

See you up in the room...



Hi, there!

Enough small talk! Let's make out!

Are you out of your mind? I don't even know you!

I'm Benny!

I'm ready!



Look, Kooly, I realize I have a Wife! But I'll leave her for you! I'll get a DIVORCE!!

Benny, you don't understand! I come from a God-fearing, religious home! We believe in certain rock-bound principles... among which is the sanctity of Marriage and the Family Unit! Divorce is wrong... and cruel... and unthinkable! It's just NOT the American Way!

Then how do you feel about fooling around with a married man???

Now, THAT's the American Way!!



HEY! YOU'RE ON MY SPOT!

This is absolutely incredible! Just a few moments ago, I was a happily married man, enjoying a wonderful Honeymoon! And then, Kooly, I met you... and my whole world changed! I can't believe this is happening to me!

Neither can the movie audience!

When will I see you again...?

Tonight, in the bar—if you can get away from your Wife!



HEY! YOU'RE ON MY SPOT!

Ooooooh! Owwwww! Oh, Benny, this is the worst sunburn I've ever had! I'm in such pain!

It's okay, Baby... I'll take care of you and you'll be as good as new!

I don't think you want me to get well! I think you have other plans for tonight!

Look, I'm holding this lamp over you so I can see better, and I'm rubbing cream all over your back! Why do you say I don't want you to get well???

Well, for ONE thing, that's a SUN LAMP! Oooh! Owww!



Daddy ... this is Benny!
Benny ... this is my Father!

Hi, Mr. Corker!

Look, punk! My Daughter wants whatever I want! And I'll tell you right now, I don't want a Benny! I also don't want an Irving ... or a Murray ... or a Morris! You know what I mean?

Sure! I get it! You don't have to spell it out! I know what you want, you Bigot! You want a Wayne or a Keith or a Lance!

No, as a matter of fact, I want an OSCAR! Now, cool it and let me really ham up this once-in-a-lifetime role!

HEY! YOU'RE ON MY SPOT!

Remember what I told you, you *&#%\$#@* punk! Keep your *&#%\$#@* hands off my Daughter or I'll break every *&#%\$#@* bone in your *&#%\$#@* @#\$%& body!!



What happened? Was he hit by a truck?

No ... I think he was stung by a WASP!

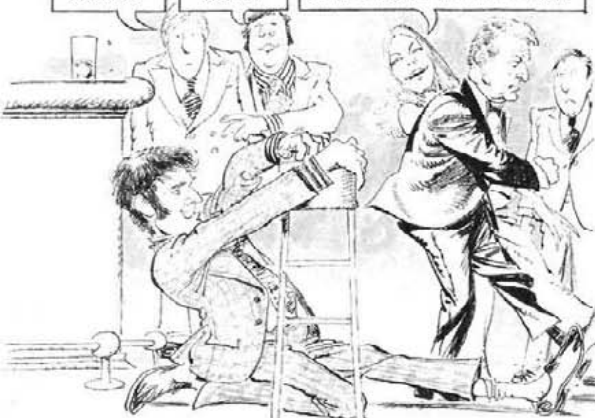
Don't give up, Benny! We're going for a ride on our boat tomorrow! Why don't you join us? Once Daddy gets to know you, everything will be okay!

I feel great this morning, Benny! Let's go down to the beach!

I'd love to, but something came up! I read where an Army buddy I haven't seen for years was in an auto accident and was rushed to the hospital where he's been calling my name on his deathbed!

Where did you read that idiocy ... in the newspaper the Bellhop gave you!?

No, in the script your Mother gave me!



Hi, Kooly! Hi, Mr. Corker!

Bye, Kooly! Bye, Mr. Corker!

I think Daddy's beginning to like you, Benny! He wants you to have dinner with us tonight!

THIS is how he invites people to dinner!??

You should be around when he sends out our New Year's Eve invitations!





Let's go out to dinner tonight, Benny!

Hold it, Buster! I've been cooped up in this hotel for three days! So if you think I'm going to buy another cockamamie excuse from you, you're crazy! Don't tell me your old Army buddy needs you again! And don't tell me he's dead and you have to complete a secret mission to Red China for him! No more lies, Benny! A good marriage is based on TRUTH!

Okay, Lulu! I can't have dinner with you because I'm having dinner with a girl I just met... and her Parents! I've fallen madly in love with her, and I'm trying to sell myself to her Parents! That's the truth... and I'll never lie again!

Thank God our marriage is saved! I was getting a little worried there for a minute!

Mr. Corker, Mrs. Corker... I'll put my cards right on the table!

I want to marry your Daughter! Now, let's list all the facts: First, I hardly know her! Second, she hardly knows me! Third, you hardly know me! Fourth, we're from two different worlds! Fifth, I have no money! Sixth, we're of different religions! Seventh...



What lousy luck! One more minute and I would have sold him! He didn't give me a chance to play my ace in the hole!

I was just getting ready to tell him I'm ALREADY MARRIED!

Well... I guess this is Goodbye!

No, it's not! I'm getting rid of my Wife! Then, in a few weeks, I'm coming out to your home and marry you! So... order the Wedding Invitations!

What was that?



I realize this may be a little sudden, Lula... but I want a DIVORCE!

A DIVORCE?? No, Benny! I love you!

I'll give you my car, all my money! Anything! Just let me go!

Benny, all I've ever dreamed of is wrapped up in the two of us!

Do you think I'd trade a life-time of happiness and fulfillment for a lousy car and some money???

I'll toss in 100 cartons of Milky Ways and full visitation rights to the Hershey Chocolate Factory!

You got a deal!



Benny! What are you doing in Minneapolis?

I've got great news, Kooly! I divorced my Wife! Now we can get married!

Benny, I could never marry a Divorced Man! I told you about my moral principles! What you did is an act against God!

But... I love you! What should I do??

Marry somebody else! Then we can fool around again!



Listen, Kooly, I happen to know you're Protestant! And Protestants DO believe in Divorce!

They DO?? I didn't know that!

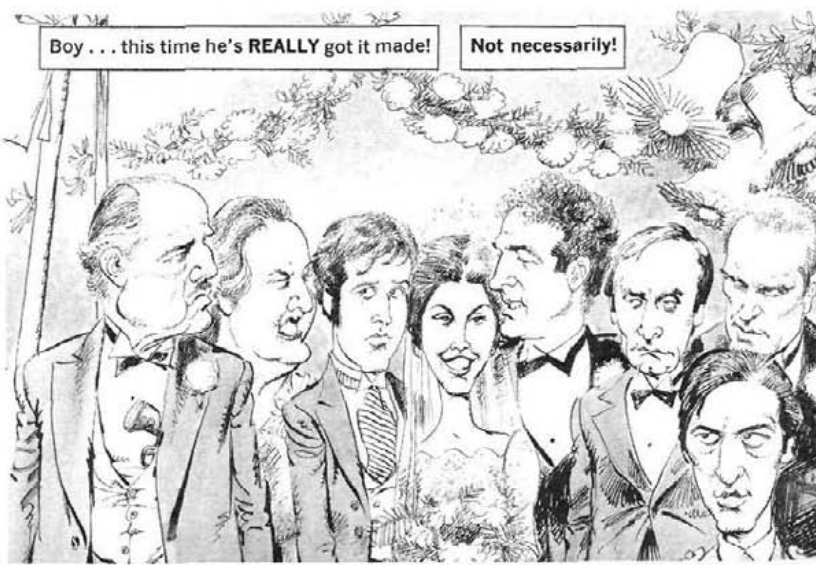
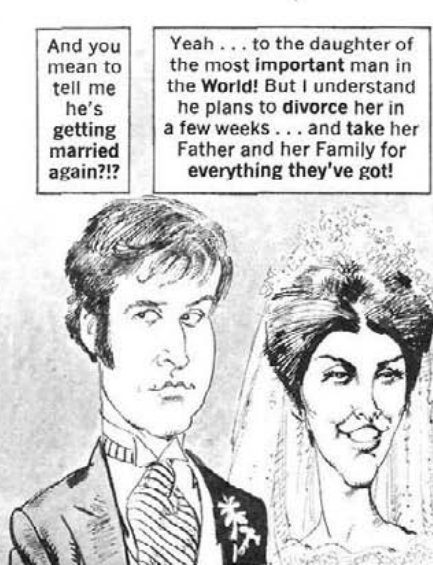
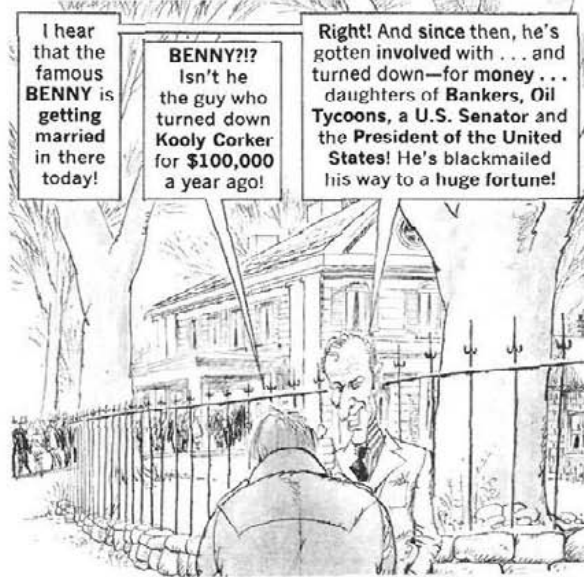
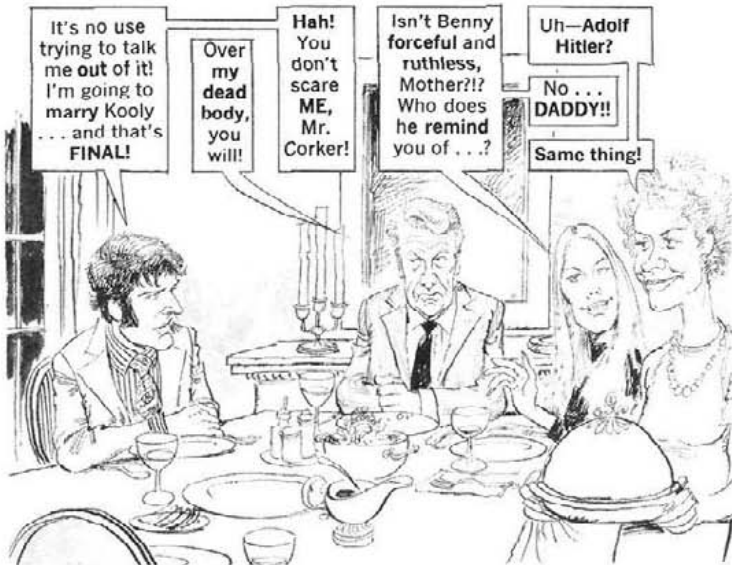
Then you'll MARRY me??

Of course, Benny! If it's okay with my Father! And then, once we're married, you and I will... uh...

You and I will WHAT...?

We'll fool around with other people!

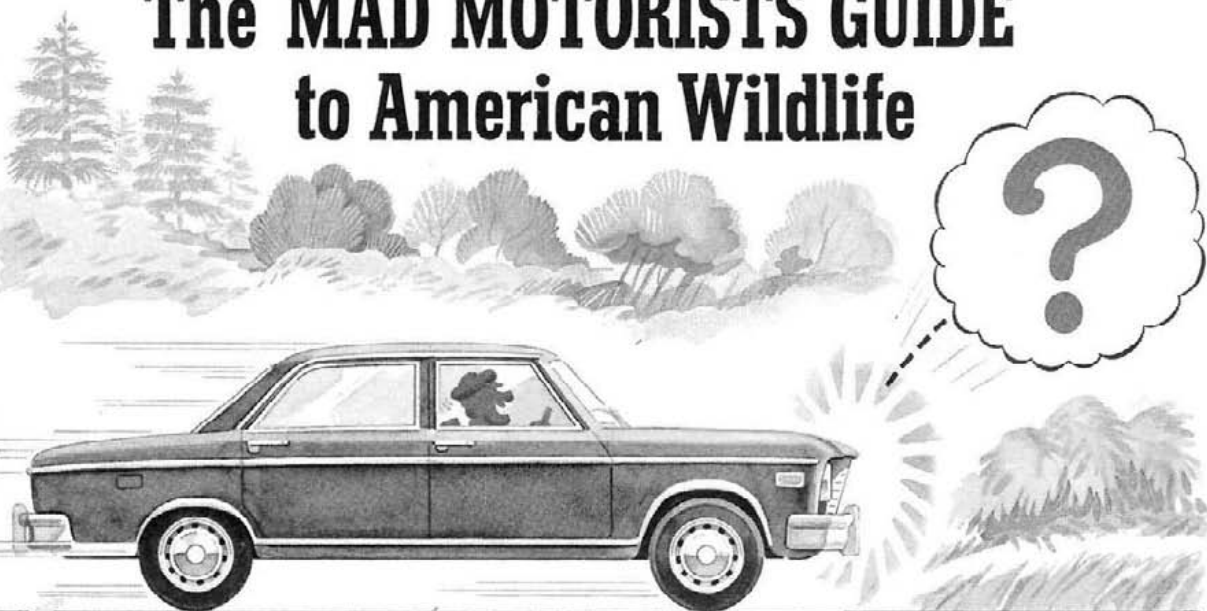




There are more conservation groups and ecology clubs in America than ever before. Unfortunately, there are also more cars on the road than ever before, and it isn't hard to guess who's winning the daily battle between automobile and animal. With this in mind, we now propose a more practical handbook for nature study—one geared to help the reader identify Mother Nature's creatures as we most often view them . . .



The MAD MOTORISTS GUIDE to American Wildlife

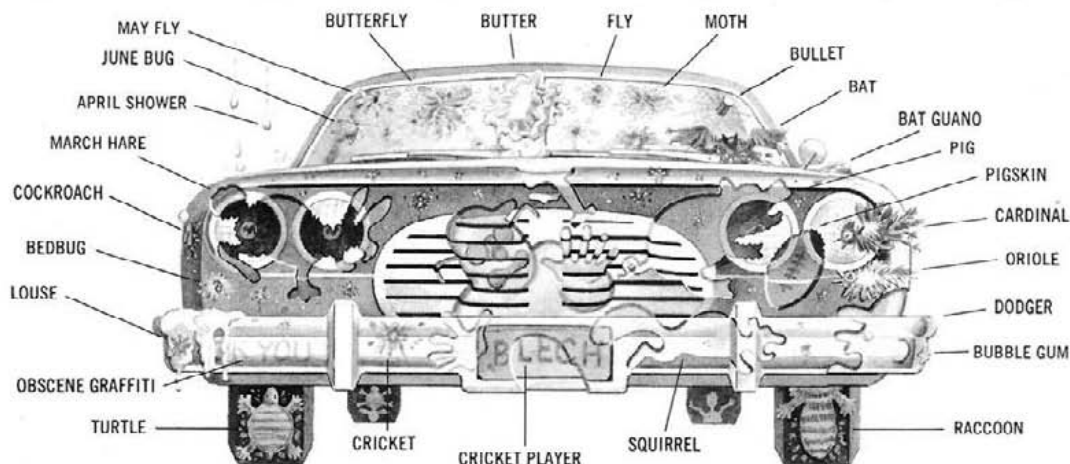


ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

IDEA BY: ROBERT KAUFMAN

Chapter I IDENTIFYING WILDLIFE

One of the great pleasures of driving is identifying the specimens one comes across in one's travels, not to mention specimens that other motorists have run across in *their* travels. Perhaps the most convenient way is when you've returned home, you can leisurely study and identify the specimens indelibly etched on your car.



The key to specimen identification is to learn what nature's creatures look like in their *altered* state. It is important not to confuse wildlife with other things, such as the windblown refuse thrown out of the windows of other cars. Then too, the splotch from a praying mantis could easily be confused with the splotch from a preying pigeon with accurate aim. A few weeks of hard study is all anyone ever needs to become expert, so stick with it!

Chapter III

IDENTIFYING WILDLIFE BY SOUND

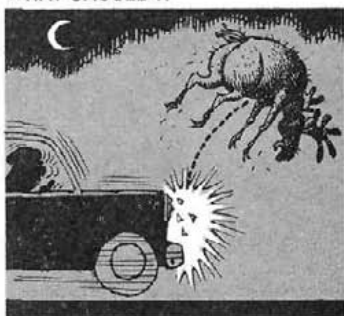
Most highway specimens are created at night. But, of course, in the dark viewing is sometimes impossible. The *serious* highway wildlife collector must learn the *sounds* of his prey. The following examples will start you off on the right road! Allow for minor differences in specimen sounds depending upon locale.

THE SOUND YOU HEARD

WHUMP!



WHAT CAUSED IT

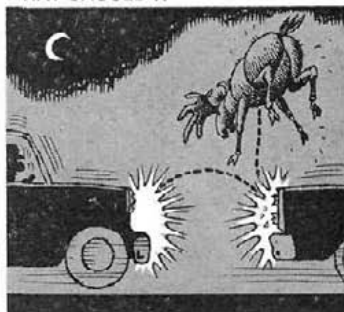


THE SOUND YOU HEARD

WHUMP! WHUMP!



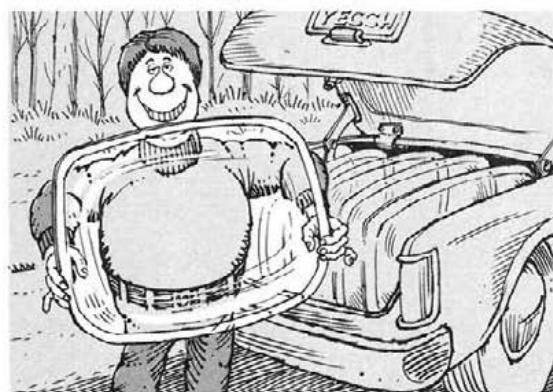
WHAT CAUSED IT



Chapter VI

CONSERVATION

With conservation uppermost in our minds today, we must think of those that follow us on life's broad highway. We must not selfishly enjoy, but learn to share. With this in mind, *Motorist's Guide* recommends all wildlife enthusiasts utilize the shatter-proof, low silhouette plastic covers available in a variety of shapes and sizes and which are easily stored in your rear trunk.

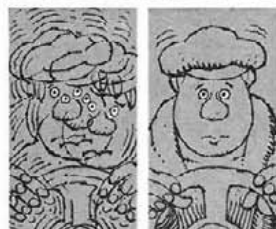


To conserve your specimen so others can delight in your findings also, merely place appropriate sized cover over it. Its self-sticking adhesive edge will keep everything in place for weeks.



THE SOUND YOU HEARD

WHUMP! WHUMP!
THWAMP!



WHAT CAUSED IT

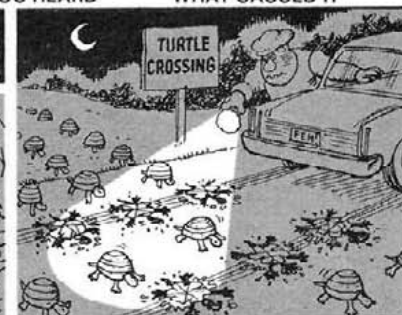


THE SOUND YOU HEARD

THUP! THUP!
THUP! THUP!
THUP! THUP!

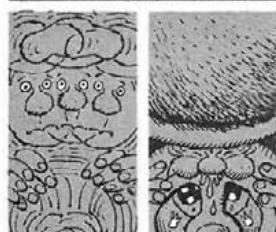


WHAT CAUSED IT



THE SOUND YOU HEARD

WHUMP! WHUMP!
THWAMP!
BADAM!



WHAT CAUSED IT

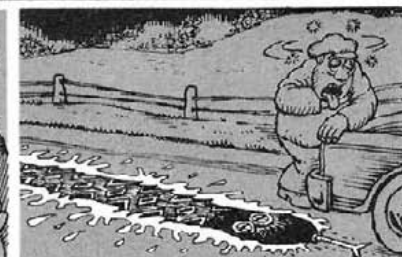


THE SOUND YOU HEARD

SQUISH-SH-SH-SH-SH-SH-SH-SH



WHAT CAUSED IT



Chapter IX

ROAD HAZARDS FOR ENTHUSIASTS

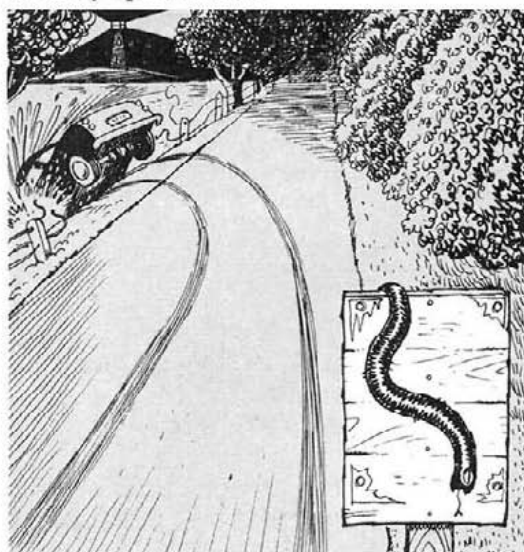
Due to the scanning nature of the wildlife enthusiast's driving style, he often devotes too little time to familiar road signs and responds reflexively to their warnings.



A case in point is when a driver observes the typical "curve in the road" caution and turns the wheel automatically . . .



...only to find the "warning" was nothing more than a snake slung across a blank billboard by a previous car!



Chapter XII PHOTOGRAPHS AND TROPHIES

A hit is as good as a miss if you end up with nothing to show for it. Two popular ways of showing off specimens that you may personally encounter are photos and mounted trophies. Here are some helpful tips on both methods.

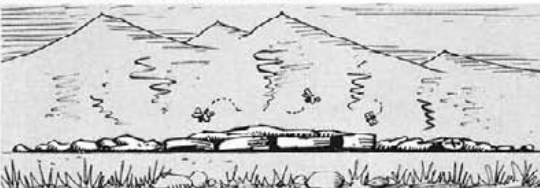
PHOTOGRAPHS

Always plan your shot around the features that will best identify your specimen, assuming, of course, some identifiable characteristics remain. Consider the examples of *good* and *bad* shots that follow.

GOOD SHOT Overhead view of turtle

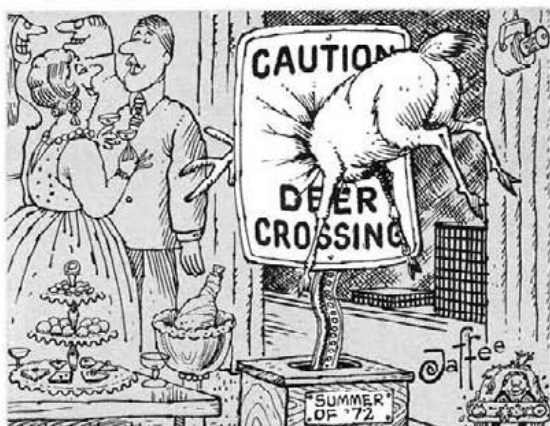


BAD SHOT Side view of turtle



TROPHIES

Mounting trophies is strictly a matter of personal taste, and thus little can be said about it. One hint, however, is that you carry a hacksaw in your trunk for cutting road signs "that tell a story." These will invariably prove to be the best souvenirs of your trip!

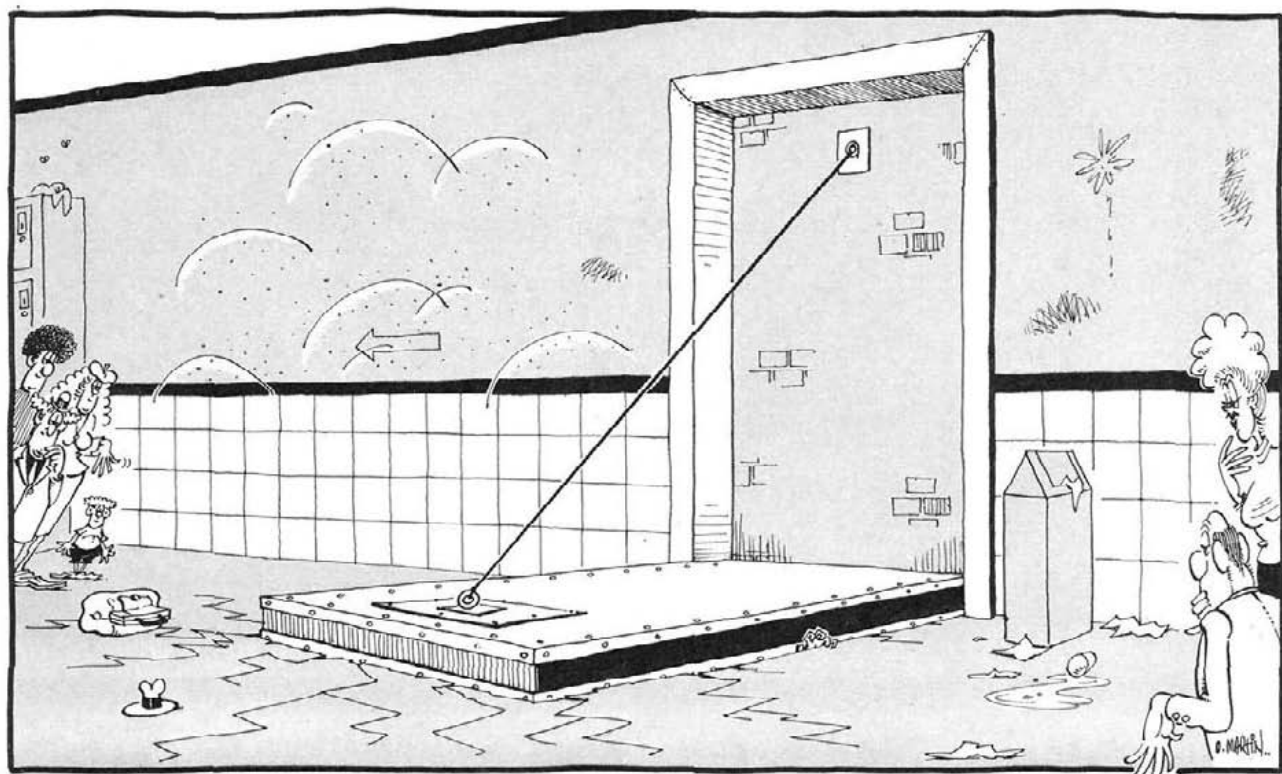
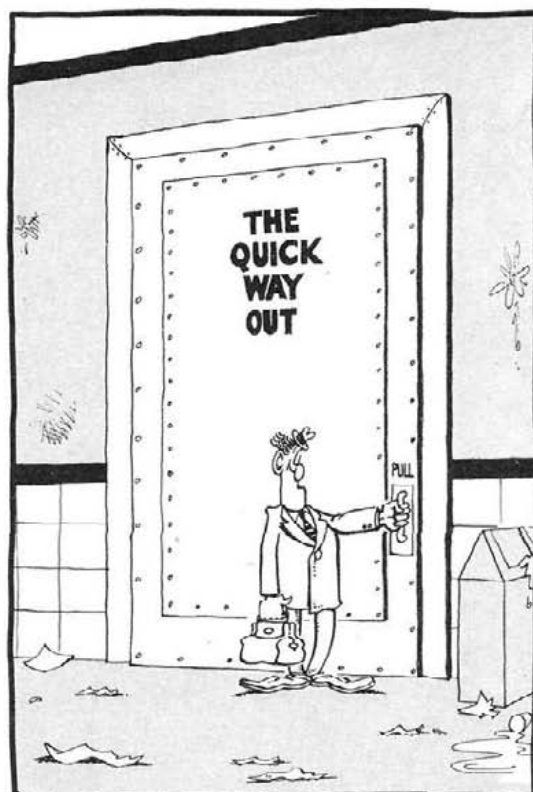
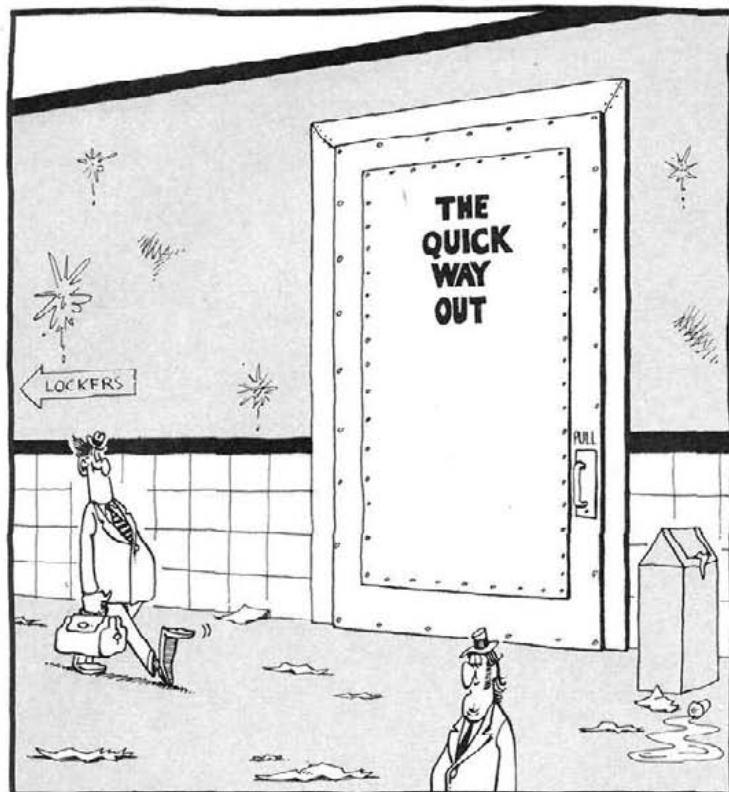


Chapter XV CHARTING SPECIMENS

Like any great sport, a 'score card' is half the fun. A specimen chart for charting specimens that any wildlife enthusiast will find simple to make and pleasurable to use follows below:

My trip across Northwest U.S.A. from July 20, 1973 ending August 6, 1973						
SPECIMENS SIGHTED BY ME	SPECIMENS STRUCK BY ME	SPECIMENS STRUCK BY OTHERS	SPECIMENS OFF THE ROAD	SPECIMENS ON THE ROAD	SPECIMENS STILL BOUNCING AROUND	GENERAL CONDITION OF SPECIMENS
24 rabbits	8	16	5	9	10	Disgusting
8 Bears	3	5	5	2	1	Fair
14 Raccoons	11	3	2	11	1	Good
9 Snakes	3	6	3	2	4	Yecch!
27 Squirrels	12	15	8	16	3	Pleasant
4 moose	1	3	2	1	1	Very Good
2 Elk	2	0	1	1	0	Aromatic
1 llama	1	0	0	0	1	So-So
10,031 insects	10,027	4	0	4	0	REVOLTING the rest were on the car

ONE MORNING AT A BUS DEPOT



CHOW MEIN LINERS DEPT.

The idea of Fortune Cookies dates back thousands of years. Unfortunately, so do most of the fortunes you find in them. They're usually filled with boring words of wisdom like "The seed of Knowledge that falls upon a barren mind will not flower!" or "The wise man will learn from his mistakes!" Well, it seems to us that people living in the "Now Generation" need



SAVE OUR FORESTS! PLEASE RETURN THIS FORTUNE TO YOUR WAITER FOR RE-CYCLING!

V.D. IS ONE SECRET YOU SHOULD NOT SPREAD AROUND.

As you sit here eating, there is a 75% chance that your house is being robbed.

TIRED OF CHINESE FOOD? NEXT TIME TRY "ROCKY'S PIZZA"!

FORTUNE COOKIE ADS GET READ! FOR A SPACE IN A COOKIE LIKE THIS ONE, CALL:
Business Biscuits Enterprises, Incorporated, 42 Main Street, City—555-9900

LEGALIZE ACUPUNCTURE!

Why bother to save for a rainy day? You only get soaked by inflation!

An apple a day could give you more pesticides than your body can tolerate.

THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER... FOR THE PUSHER.



FORTUNE COOKIES

THAT ARE RELEVANT

WRITTEN BY: DICK DE BARTOLO & DON EPSTEIN

CRIME DOES NOT PAY... INCOME TAXES!

BOYCOTT LETTUCE!

Please open another cookie. The Fortune you have reached is not in service at this time!

BE CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU TALK ABOUT! THE TEAPOT MAY BE BUGGED!

EATING THIS COOKIE CAN BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH. IT CONTAINS EMULSIFIED GLYCOL, HYDROGENATED BENSOMENICAININE, PLUS BTA AND BHA.

Walk softly and carry a big stick. It's the only way you won't get mugged.

LIVE LONGER! BREATHE LESS OF TODAY'S AIR!

BYE, BYE BLACKBIRD... AND ALL THE OTHER ENDANGERED SPECIES!

A DOG IN THE BUSH IS WORTH TWO ON THE SIDEWALK!

You Know IT'S REALLY

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... the TV Networks start telling you how much better the new Fall Shows will be than the lousy re-runs you're watching now.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you discover you're the only kid around who isn't rich enough or under-privileged enough to go to camp.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you use up your savings for your own vacation to feed the relatives who came to visit you on their vacation.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... school has been out just long enough for you to glumly start counting the weeks until the day you have to go back.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... your Secretary stops taking long weekends off to go skiing, and starts taking long weekends off to go surfing.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... the post season basketball play-off games are almost over, and the pre-season football games have just begun.



SUMMER When...

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: TOM KOCH

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you feel a sudden pang of regret that you didn't spend \$2,000 more and get a convertible.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... the season's first lightning bug appears, setting off the season's first stampede of kids with jars trying to catch it.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you're sent off to visit Grandma and Grandpa for a month, and you begin wondering what you did to deserve it.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you gladly pay to get into an Annette Funicello Film Festival just because the theater is air-conditioned.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... an uneasy tension begins to spread every time the ice cream truck is five minutes late.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you first notice that sometime during the "Heavy Coat Season," the little girl across the street grew up to be a—gulp—big girl.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... daylight lasts long enough for kids on roller skates to continue driving you crazy all evening now.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... flowers you planted in April start blooming, and you discover you're allergic to all of them.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... the time arrives once again for you to go to the "Annual Company Picnic" and make a fool of yourself.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you can't get a call through to the air conditioner repairman.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... your next door neighbor returns your snow shovel and borrows your lawn mower.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you suddenly find out how few people pay attention to deodorant commercials.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... the Major League Baseball season is far enough along for the last-place teams to start firing their Managers.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

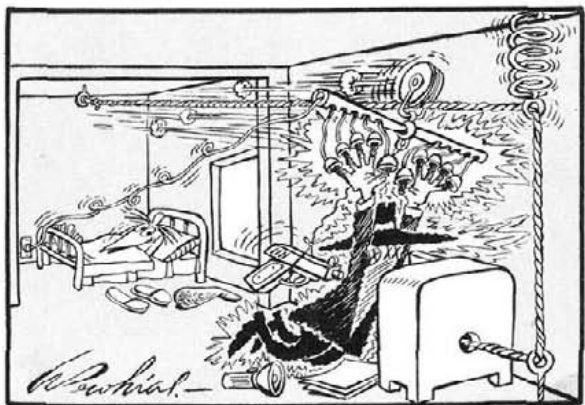
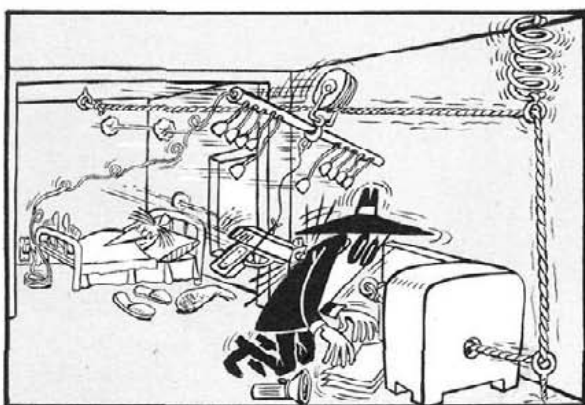
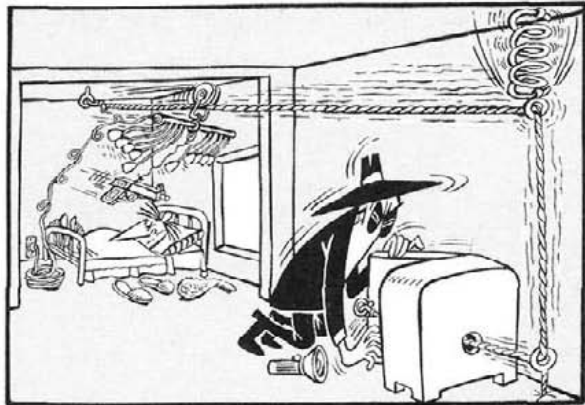
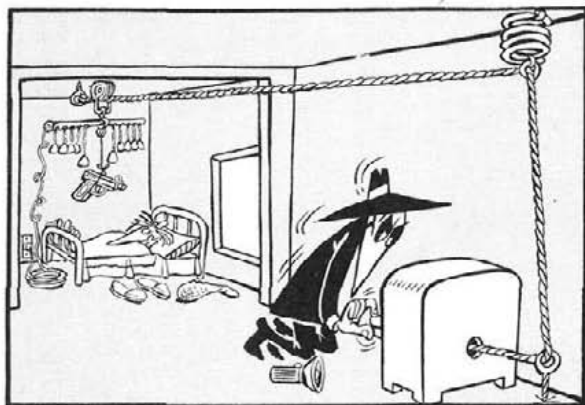
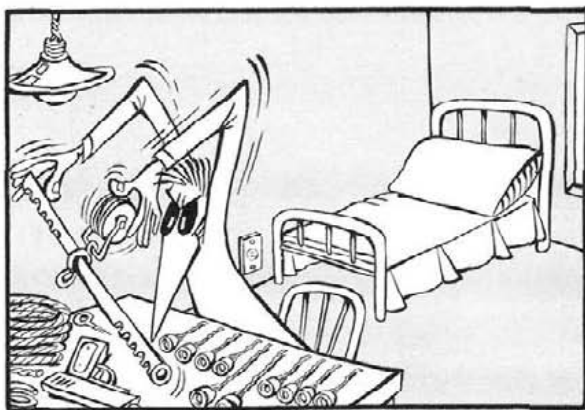


... you feel obligated to drink nine glasses of luke warm Kool-Ade on your way home from the bus stop.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... your yearly prediction that girl's swim suits can't possibly get any more revealing is proved wrong once again.



I swear, I'm afraid to go out at night! There's so much crime in the streets!

Oh, I have that problem licked!

First, I bought myself a can of Mace! Then I got a Police Whistle! Then I got this big Hat Pin ...

Then I got this ferocious Attack Dog! Then, to make absolutely sure I'm safe ...

... I stay at home at night!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

CRIME

Boy ... this was some fantastic idea the City Anti-Crime Commission had, huh ... lighting up these dark streets!?

You better believe it! Before they came up with that move, the streets in this town were so dark, you couldn't see your hand in front of your face!

Now, no matter what time of night it is, you can go to work on streets that are lit up bright as day! You don't have to worry any more!

Now you can really see which cars to break into!

Yeah! Here's one with some suitcases in it! Pass the pliers ...





IN THE STREETS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



We are in the midst of the worst crime wave in history! And what's the biggest cause of crime? Drug addiction! Drug addicts have to steal to finance their habit!

I say they should take all the drug addicts and put 'em in Concentration Camps! Let 'em prey on each other, and leave us honest folks alone!

That is the worst, Fascist, un-American idea I ever heard of! Besides... think of all the money that would be wasted!

Huh? What money would be wasted?

All the money I spent burglar-proofing my home!



You—you're back here again?!

Yep! This is the third time my house was broken into—and my television set stolen!!

And you have to replace it again, eh? Let me show you our stock...

As you can see, we have a large variety!

How about this one?

I don't recommend that model! It'll give you nothing but trouble!

Good! I'll take it!!

Let the next house breaker suffer!!



See this lamp! It's connected to a gadget that automatically turns the light on at dusk! A light is supposed to scare off burglars when we're not home!

Isn't that ingenious?! Modern-day Technology has made such great strides!

Big deal! It didn't do ME any good! We were ripped off anyway!

Really? How did that happen?

It happened because of Modern-day Technology!

The bulb in the lamp blew out!



There were so many reports of burglaries and break-ins that I figured I'd better do something to protect myself!

So I bought myself a double-barrelled shot gun, and put it under my bed—just in case!

Sure enough, I come home one night . . . and there's a burglar in the house!

Did you get your shot-gun?

No . . . the BURGLAR was hiding under the bed!!

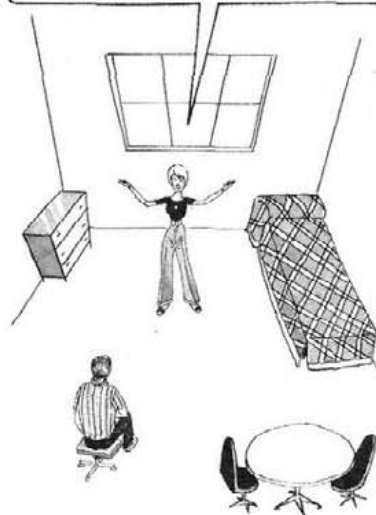


The crime rate is so high, many Insurance Companies won't sell Theft Insurance! And they cancel existing policies when they run out! So if you really want Theft Insurance you have to pay exorbitant prices for it!

But I felt that insuring my material possessions was more important than saving money, so I paid the big premiums, just to have peace of mind!

But you hardly HAVE any possessions!

I know! I've been selling them off to raise money to pay the big premiums!



Oh, darn! I don't have any paper bags! What am I going to do with this stuff?

You've got a shopping bag! Use that!

Sometimes, you actually make sense! I'll be right back! I'm taking it downstairs . . .



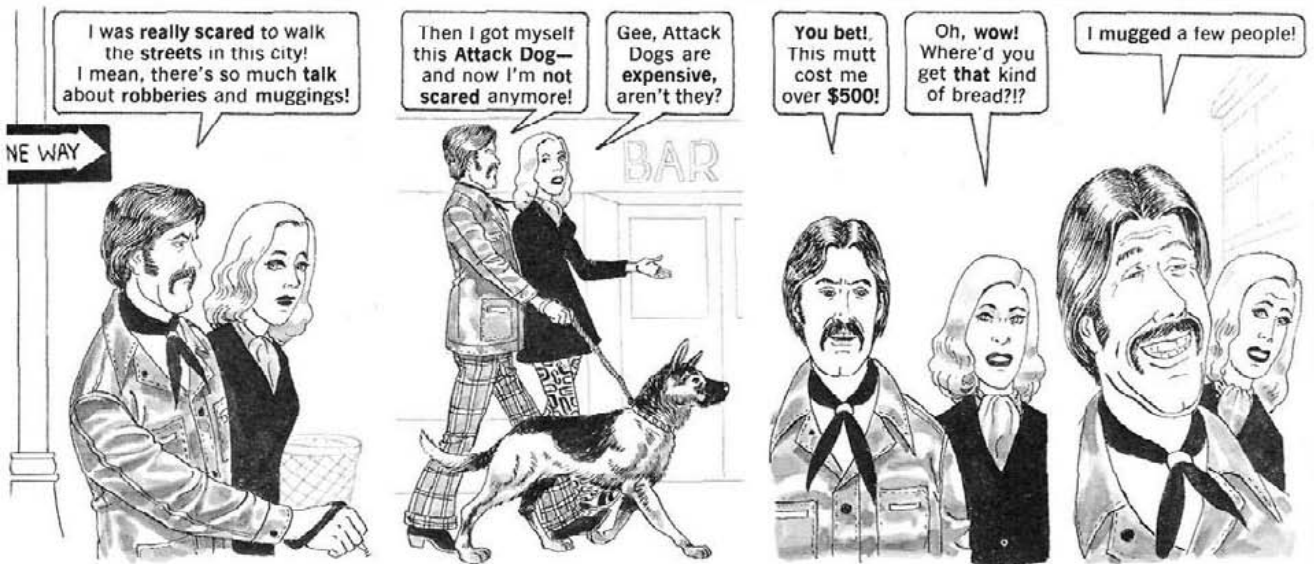
HEY!!

STOP, THIEF! STOP!!

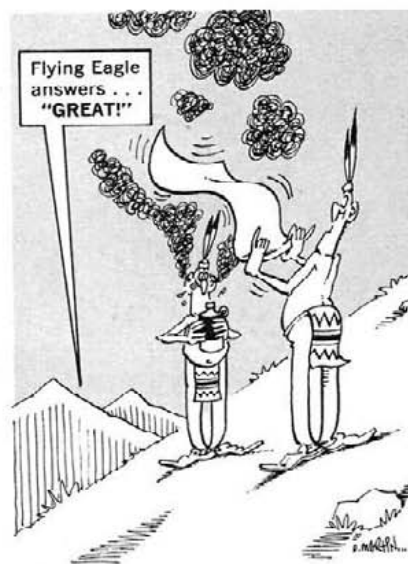
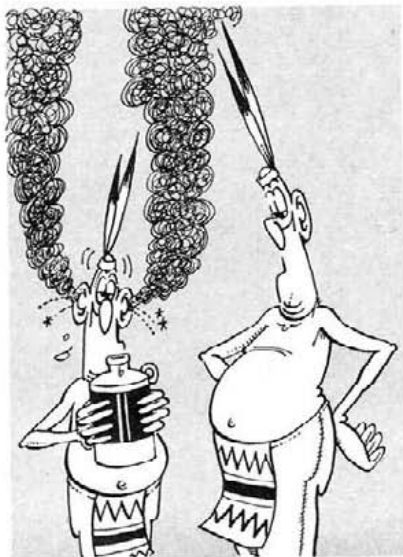
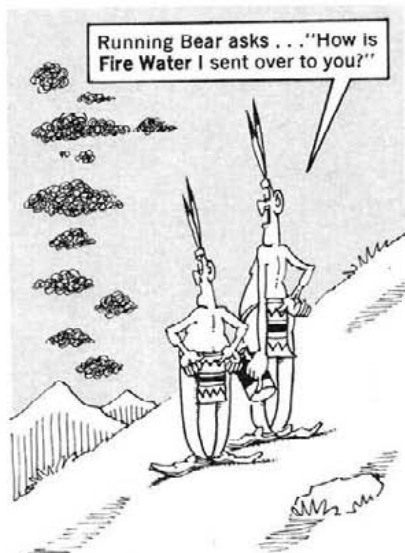
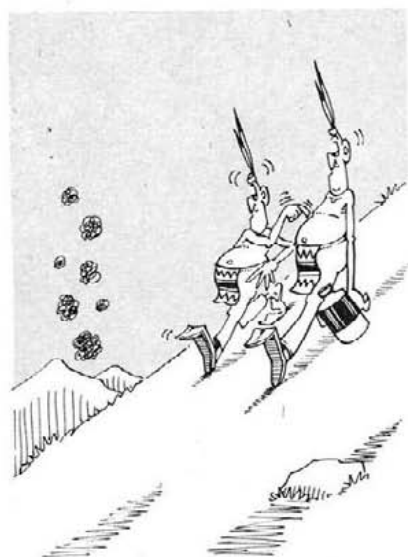
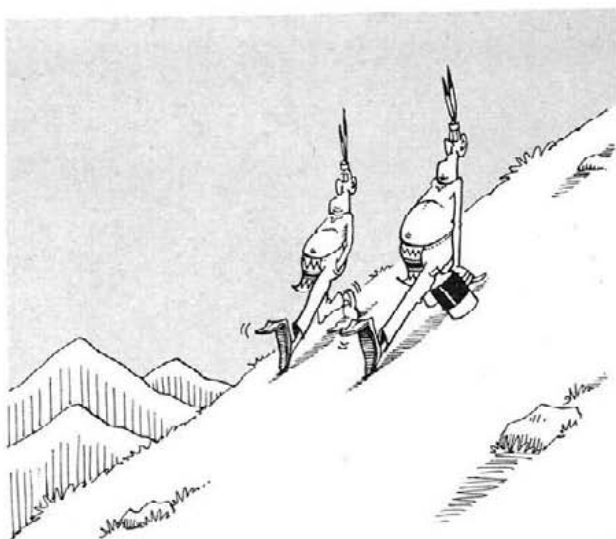
What'd he steal??

HE—HE STOLE MY GARBAGE!!





ONE AFTERNOON IN THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY



MINIATURE GOLF WORLD

February (A Short Month) 20c (A Small Amount)

**TIMING YOUR
DRIVE TO GET
THROUGH THAT
REVOLVING
WINDMILL**

**NEW NATIONAL
JUNIOR CHAMP
REPORTS:**

**"If I Can't Have
The Orange Ball,
I Throw A
Temper Tantrum!"**

**DISADVANTAGES
OF TRYING TO
HIT 200-YARD
DRIVES ON
15-YARD HOLES**

**This Month's Top
Tourney:
THE
MICKEY ROONEY
MINIATURE
OPEN**

**That Treacherous
Uphill Drainpipe
On The 7th Hole At
"Sol's Fun-O-Rama"**



GAMES OF NIL DEPT.

It would seem that this country has at least as many Sports Magazines as it needs, and probably quite a few more than anybody wants. Because a recent survey turned up almost 400 of them, covering a flock of leisure time activities from Archery to Yachting. Why, Motorcycling alone has about three dozen publications, presumably all trying to appeal to the same three dozen motorcyclists who know how to read. But

MAGAZINE NEGLECTED

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

Price: Fifty Cents
(Or Six Rejected
Bent Dimes)

The

Outdoor Arcade Season
1973

American Pinball Pusher



**"CLOUT-A-HOMER!"
SUCCESS STORY:
"I Broke Babe Ruth's
Lifetime Record With
My First Ball!"**

**A Preview Of
"The 1973
Omaha Bus
Station
Play-Offs"**

**GRACEFUL
BODY ENGLISH
CAN REDUCE
YOUR "TILT"
HAZARD**

**"MY WIFE DIVORCED ME WHILE I WAS PLAYING OFF
435 FREE GAMES!"**

**S
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**A FIRST PERSON
HORROR STORY:
"The Polish
National Champ
Beat Me When
He Spelled
'KAT'!"**



IF HAWAII IS A STATE, HOW CAN "ALOHA" BE A FOREIGN WORD? ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ HOLDING BACK THAT "S" TO MAKE A PLURAL OUT OF "QUIZZICAL"
MY WIFE MADE "XEROXED" ON A TRIPLE... SO I SHOT HER! ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ HOW TO PLAY A "W" SIDeways AND CLAIM THAT IT'S AN "E"

strangely enough, MAD finds that many pastimes enjoyed by millions do not have any magazines at all devoted to them. This strikes us as an undemocratic threat to freedom of the press, and also a great chance for some sharp operator to make a bundle (Besides the writer of this article who came up with the stupid idea!). So MAD herewith passes along to magazine publishers its suggestions for a whole new crop of

NES FOR D SPORTS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

The Solitaire Player's Companion

MONOTONY 1973 PRICE: A QUARTER (FACE DOWN)

A Tragic True Story:
"I PLAYED WITH
A 51-CARD DECK
AND LOST EVERY
GAME FOR
EIGHTEEN YEARS!"

The Only Entry In
The 1972 National
Tournament Loses

Why You Always Turn
Up A Red Jack,
Except When You
Need One

CAN THEY ARREST
YOU FOR BETTING
WITH YOURSELF
ON SOLITAIRE?

"MY HUSBAND HID
MY DECK OF CARDS,
SO I CUT HIM
INTO FOUR EQUAL
PILES!"
By Lucille
"Looney Lucy"
Fledblatt



The Paper Airplane Pilot

WINDY SEASON
1973

PRICE: TWO DOLLARS
(But Each Page Is Printed
On Genuine Foldable Paper)

TIPS ON
CLIP PLACEMENT
FOR MAXIMUM
THRUST POTENTIAL

WHY THE
SOVIETS TRAIL US:
"Pravda" Makes
Lousy Airplane Paper

CAN WE REALLY
SAIL A PAPER
SPACE CRAFT
TO THE MOON?

"MY X-25-RJ HIT
THE TEACHER IN
THE HEAD, SO SHE
FLUNKED ME!"

This Month's
Paper Aircraft Tragedy:
"I FOLDED MY
PAYCHECK INTO A
PLANE, AND IT FLEW
OUT THE WINDOW!"



The CARNIVAL & COUNTRY FAIR GAMESTER

Long Hot Summer
1973

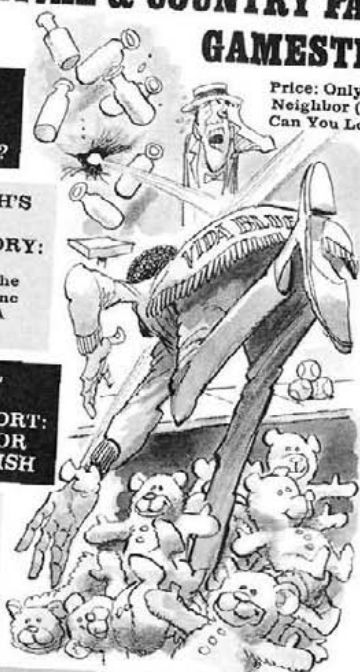
So You Finally
Won An Eight-
Foot Stuffed
Panda!
Now What...?

THIS MONTH'S
MIDWAY
SUCCESS STORY:
"I Tested My
Manliness On The
Strength Machine
... And Won A
Dolly!"

THE REAL
HE-MAN'S
CARNIVAL SPORT:
TROLLING FOR
CELLULOID FISH

The 1972 Ring
Toss Champion
Confesses:
"It Cost Me
Nearly \$300 To
Win A Solid
Aluminum
Ash Tray!"

Report From Death Row:
"I Aimed An Air Rifle At A Plastic Duck-
And Killed The Sheriff!"



(Sung to the tune of
"Come Back To Me")

(Sung to the tune of
"Come Back To Me")

Shout it out
Like it is!
Make 'em all
Call you Ms!
Up with ours—
Down with his
E-equal-i-ty!

Make those pigs
Understand
That we're taking command
Everywhere in the land!
Let 'em moan—
They won't own
You and me!

Do your bit!
Quote Friedan!
Let the grit
Hit the fan!

When your home's gone to pot—
When your marriage is shot—
You will know that you've got
E-equal-i-ty!

Most of our favorite songs are (1) written by men, (2) written from a man's point of view, or (3) ballads that treat women as soft, lovely, feminine creatures. But now Woman's Lib is changing every-

OLD STA REWRITTE LIBERATE

The Anti-Chivalry Anthem

(Sung to the tune of
"Mame")

Who...o-pens...doors when we get in cars?
Men!
Who...buys...us...drinks when we go to bars?
Men!
Who gives us seats in buses
Just so we won't get weary in the feet?
Who makes those great big fusses
And takes us by the arm to cross the street?

Who...sends...us...bon-bons, perfume and flowers?
Men!
Who...lets...us...gab on and on for hours?
Men!
They claim they're idolizing us—
We know they're patronizing us—
Deep down they're all despising us!
Men!

one's outlook, which means it's only a matter of time before the once weaker sex takes over popular music along with everything else. When this happens, we'll probably be hearing and suffering with these . . .

STANDARDS FOR THE WOMAN

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

IDEA: MS. M. PESEK

The Wardrobe Waltz

(Sung to the tune of
"My Favorite Things")

Coats made of beaver and shoulder-strap purses,
Boots with high heels and a cape that reverses,
Bright silken scarves and a perfume that clings—
These were a few of our feminine things;

Hair-dos and face-lifts and wigs in resplendence,
Belts of blue satin and cameo pendants,
Rich, golden bracelets and emerald rings,
These were a few of our feminine things;

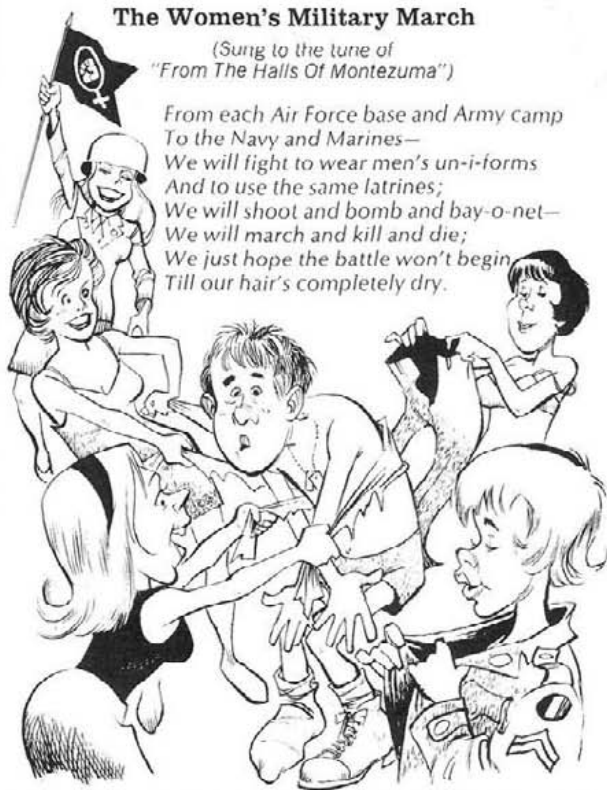
If you wonder,
Why we hate them,
Take a look, and then
You'll find that each one of
These feminine things
Is now being used . . . by men.



The Women's Military March

(Sung to the tune of
"From The Halls Of Montezuma")

From each Air Force base and Army camp
To the Navy and Marines—
We will fight to wear men's un-i-forms
And to use the same latrines;
We will shoot and bomb and bay-o-net—
We will march and kill and die;
We just hope the battle won't begin
Till our hair's completely dry.



Melody For A Maiden Name

(Sung to the tune of
"Maria")



Skryplynzski—
I want to be called Ann Skryplynzski;
All other names I scorn—
It's mine since I was born,
You see.

Skryplynzski—
I never will part with Skryplynzski;
I'd rather die of shame
Than use my husband's name
Of Lee.

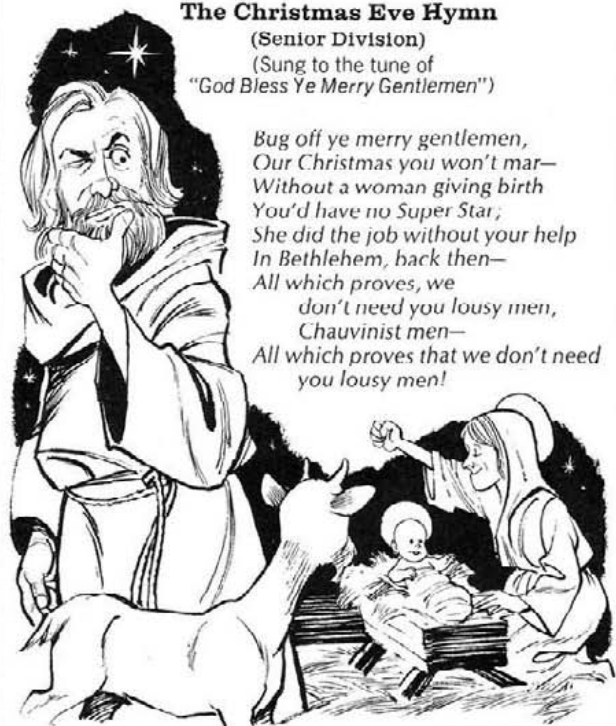
Skryplynzski—
Say it once and feel lib-er-a-ted—
Say it twice and your tongue's dis-located—
Skryplynzski—
They'll write on my tombstone Skryplynzski.

The Christmas Eve Hymn

(Senior Division)

(Sung to the tune of
"God Bless Ye Merry Gentlemen")

Bug off ye merry gentlemen,
Our Christmas you won't mar—
Without a woman giving birth
You'd have no Super Star;
She did the job without your help
In Bethlehem, back then—
All which proves, we
don't need you lousy men,
Chauvinist men—
All which proves that we don't need
you lousy men!



The Christmas Eve Hymn

(Junior Division)

(Sung to the tune of
"Santa Claus Is Coming To Town")

You better not fret;
You better not jeer;
We're gonna upset
Tradition this year—
Santa's wife is coming to town!

She's driving the sleigh;
She's running the trip;
She's wearing the pants
And cracking the whip—
Santa's wife is coming to town!

She won't use any rein-deer
To pull her sleigh, because
She wants to show that she's in charge,
So she's using Santa Claus!

So what'll we get
In '73?
The biggest old bag
You ever did see—
Santa's wife is coming to town!



Anthem For A Liberated Marriage

(Sung to the tune of
"Tea For Two")

See how we
Make marriage do—
It's me for me
And you for you,
Yes, me for me
And you for you
Today.

Separate dinners
At separate tables,
And separate TVs
With separate cables—
You live in Boston
While I live in Santa Fe, dear.

Hear me cheer
That you're not here,
'Cept once a year
When you appear
To honor, dear,
Our ann-i-ver-sar-y.

We will live in harmony
As long as you stay far from me;
No wonder we
Are happy as can be.



Ballad For A Bride-To-Be

(Sung to the tune of
"The Girl That I Marry")

The man that I'm choosing
Will have to be
An expert in household ef-fic-i-en-cy;
The gent whom I adore
Will cook pot-roast for two while he glo-coats the floor;
He'll launder my undies with loving care;
He'll serve up the snacks when my Lib group's there;
He's repairing
What I'm tearing—
Like this rip in the pants suit I'm wearing;
A wife I'm abusing
The man that I'm choosing
Will be.



BUNK DEALERS DEPT.

Hello! I'm **Howard Excell!** Every so often, MAD Magazine selects famous TV interviewers to speak to important business or professional leaders in various fields. Well, this issue, I lose! So join me now as I interview **Mr. Sidney Goldstar**, who has just been chosen...

MAD'S SUMMER CAMP OWNER OF THE YEAR

Hi, there, Howard... and welcome to fabulous Camp Whinniehaha!

That's rather an unusual name for a Camp, isn't it, Mr. Goldstar?

Not at all! Many Camps have American Indian names!

Why's that? Because the American Indian symbolizes Frontier Living and a return to Mother Nature?

No... because we Camp owners take our Campers' parents the way America took the Indians... for everything they got!

Ha-ha! A little inside Camp joke! That won't be in print, will it, Howard?!

I'm afraid it will!

Ahh! Who cares?! I'm booked for the Season!

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

As the owner of a Summer Camp, Mr. Goldstar, you must really like kids!

Frankly, I hate their guts! But that's what I've got Counselors for—to keep 'em off my back! Personally, I don't understand kids! I've got no patience with them! And I have no relationship with them whatsoever! Boy, am I glad this isn't an all-year 'round job!

What do you do the rest of the year?

I'm a High School Principal!

Have you seen this brochure we send out to all our prospective campers, Howard... telling them about the place?

Why, this is beautiful! It looks like a shot of the Taj Mahal!

It IS a shot of the Taj Mahal! Now let me show you the CAMP!

This is the Camp?? But this place doesn't look at ALL like the picture in the brochure!

Of course, not, Silly! After all, there's only ONE Taj Mahal!

But that's outright false representation!! What happens when the Parents come up to camp on Visiting Day? This must be the biggest shock of their lives!

The second biggest! The ... SECOND?? But what could look more broken-down and horrible than this ... this Camp??

The CAMPERS! Twenty pounds underweight! Covered with poison ivy! You talk about shock?? Boy, I'm glad I don't have to go near them!

What do you say we drive back to the city and meet the new Campers at the Bus Terminal! The Camp Season begins today!



Look at them, Howard! A sea of shining, eager faces ... ready for a whole Summer of wild adventure without a worry or a care in the world!

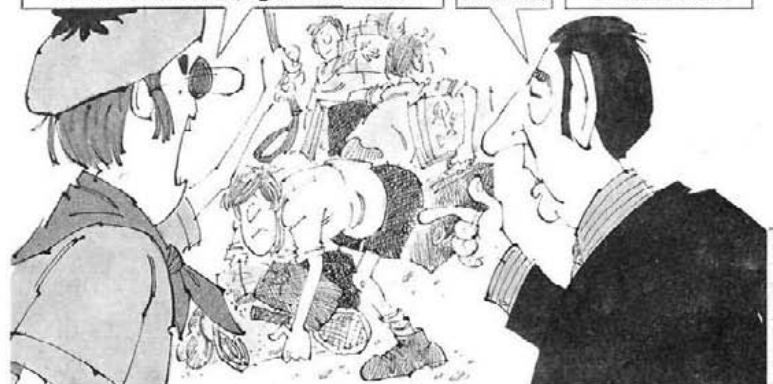
Why, those kids look miserable to me! Most of them are crying!

Who's talking about the kids? I mean the Parents! They're gonna have a ball with those brats off their backs!

There are some of my Counselors, Howard! Okay, you Counselors! Get the baggage on board! Round up the kids! Take roll-call! Lead them in song! Keep them amused! Take them to their bunks when we arrive! Help them undress! Then, lights out at 9:00!!

What do you pay your Counselors, Mr. Goldstar?

Who pays them?? If they're lucky, they'll pick up tips! But why think about money when they're here to have FUN??



Well, here we are ... back in Camp, Howard! This is a typical Bunk!

Aside from that, it's really very comfortable in here! Except when it rains!

So let's hope it doesn't rain!

You mean it's NOT raining? So where's all the WATER coming from?!

How do I know? You want to know about leaking water—go interview a Plumber!

Look at the water pouring down from the ceiling!

You can say that again!



Now let's look at the Dining Hall ... Whoops! Watch out for the Garbage Truck, Howard!

To the Kitchen entrance! But I'm not sure if he's taking away the garbage, or delivering the Dinner! Ha-ha! That's another little Camp joke ...

You said it! And Camp food is the biggest joke of them all! Come! I'll show you!

Where's HE going?

You seem to have jokes for everything here!





Let's see if the kids have started eating yet!

Yecchi!
Uggh!

I'm
getting
sick!

Gaggh!
I'm—
dying!

Yep!
They
started!

Tell me, Mr. Goldstar . . . why
do they always serve such
terrible food in Summer Camps?

Well, as far as **THIS** Camp is concerned, it's
an old Family Tradition! It was passed down by
my Father, and my Father's Father before him!

Come to think of it, so was most of the food!!



Well . . .
at least
ONE of
the kids
here
seems to
enjoy
the food!

WHERE?! There's
always gotta be a
freak in the crowd!

Him?! Oh, he's got
a package from home!
Er—what's he eating?

From what I
can see, he's
finishing the
string, and
now he's
sucking on
the stamps!

A hungry
bugger, eh?
Well, that
just shows
you what
outdoor
life can
do for you!

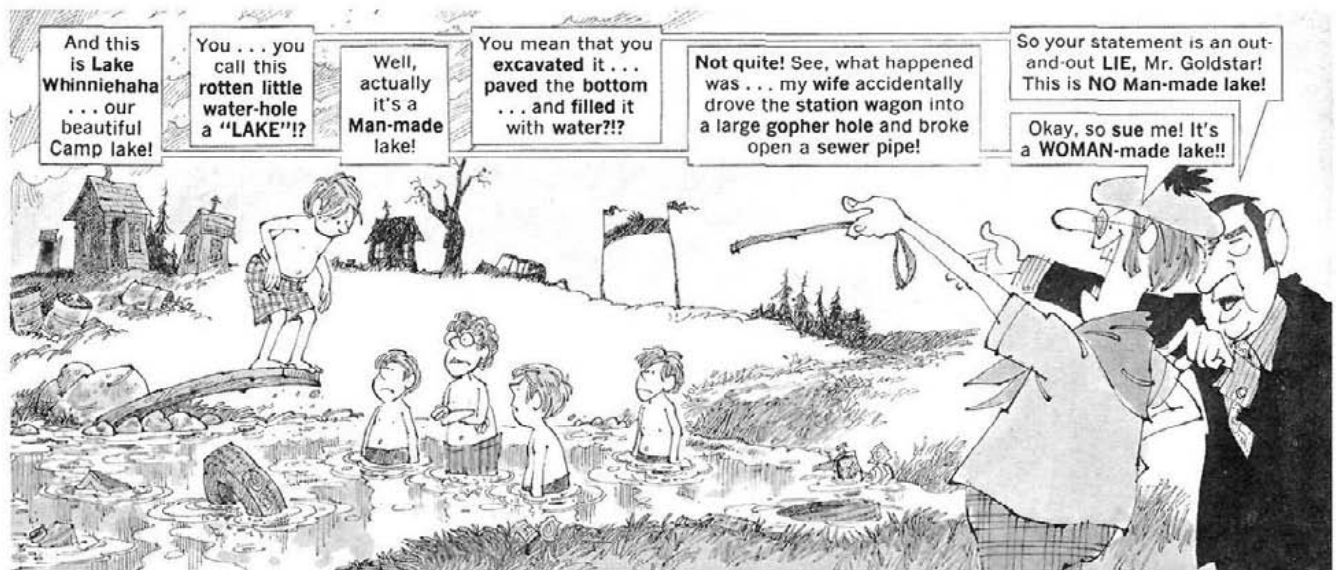


I've noticed
that the kids
here are **very**
well-behaved!
How do you
discipline
them?

Well, Howard,
we don't
believe in
punishment!
Instead, we
use rewards!

In other
words, if
they behave,
they get to
see a movie?

No,
if they
behave,
they get to
go to bed
without any
supper!



And this
is Lake
Whinniehaha
. . . our
beautiful
Camp lake!

You . . . you
call this
rotten little
water-hole
a "**LAKE**"!?

Well,
actually
it's a
Man-made
lake!

You mean that you
excavated it . . .
paved the bottom
. . . and filled it
with water!?

Not quite! See, what happened
was . . . my wife accidentally
drove the station wagon into
a large gopher hole and broke
open a sewer pipe!

So your statement is an out-
and-out **LIE**, Mr. Goldstar!
This is **NO** Man-made lake!

Okay, so sue me! It's
a **WOMAN-made** lake!!

Do you think it's wise to let the kids go swimming so soon after eating? They could get terrible cramps!

The way I look at it, they always get terrible cramps after eating, anyway, Howard!

Besides, what could happen in two feet of water?

It's only two feet???

At the DIVING end! Later on in the year, we have Water Contests! The kids have to go from one end of the lake to the other! The winners get Red Cross WADING Certificates!



The important thing, Howard, is to keep the kids busy... to take their minds off how bored they really are!

And that's where Arts & Crafts comes in!!?

Yep! That kid's cutting himself some leather for a wallet! This kid's cutting himself some wood...

And what is that kid doing...?

He's just cutting himself!



But with a little medication and a lot of pain, he'll be as good as new in a month or two!

Gee! The poor kid!

Don't feel sorry for him! Look at the bright side! The wound will take his mind off the most boring thing of all around here!

What's that?

Arts & Crafts!!



We're in luck, Howard! There's a baseball game in progress on Camp Whinniehaha Field!

You should have seen it BEFORE we had it leveled! But the kids have fun playing here! Why, last year, we had a Center Fielder who was a potential Major Leaguer!

You call that mess a baseball field??!

What happened to him...?

He was carried off by an Eagle!



Uncle Sid! Uncle Sid! Jimmy Finster is LOST!!

Oh, my God... another Eagle!

No... he was playing Right Field... and he—he just disappeared!

Okay, send out the Camp St. Bernard to look for him!

We can't! We sent out the Camp St. Bernard to look for our LEFT Fielder!

Y-you mean Tommy Gink is lost, too??!

So's the St. Bernard!



I understand you have Horseback Riding here!

We used to! Last year! But no more!

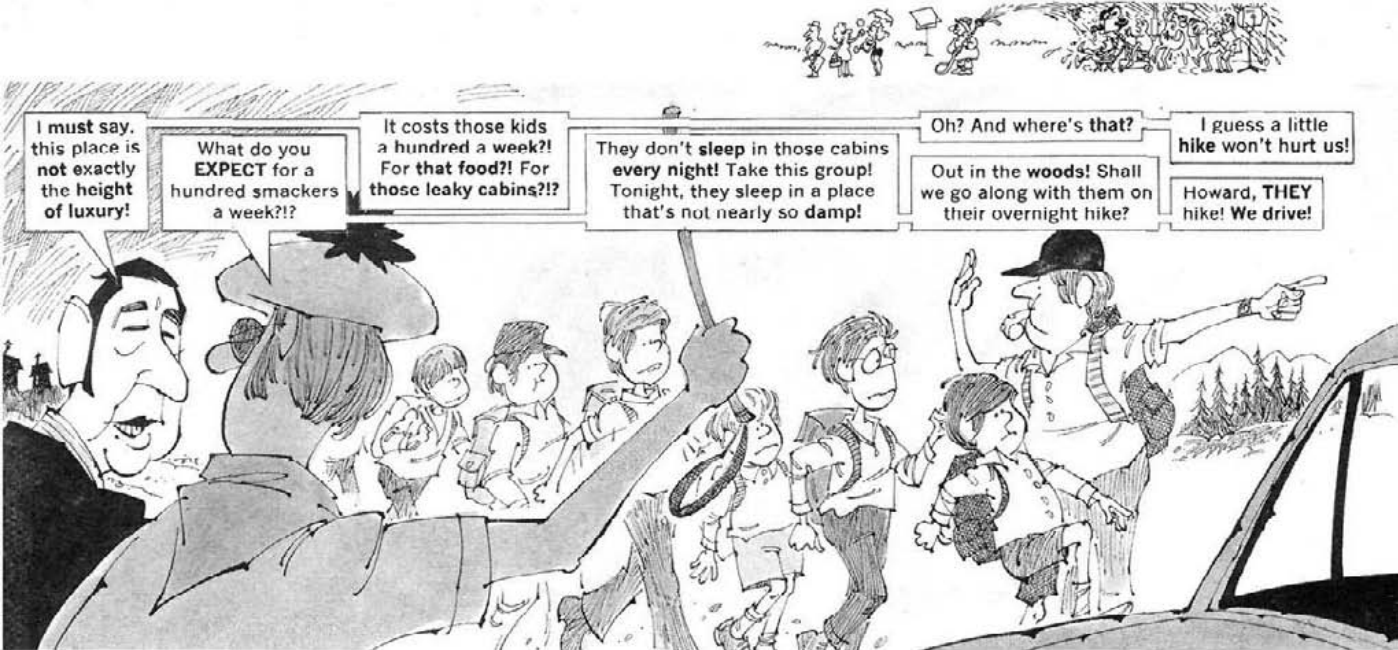
What happened?

The Horse died! Good ol' Dobbin! The kids really LOVED that mangy nag!

I can well imagine!

Yep! With a little ketchup and pickle, he was delicious! The only meal they ever enjoyed here!





I must say, this place is not exactly the height of luxury!

What do you **EXPECT** for a hundred smackers a week?!!

It costs those kids a hundred a week?! For that food?! For those leaky cabins?!!

They don't **sleep** in those cabins every night! Take this group! Tonight, they sleep in a place that's not nearly so damp!

Oh? And where's that?

Out in the woods! Shall we go along with them on their overnight hike?

I guess a little hike won't hurt us!

Howard, **THEY** hike! We drive!



Let's go, you °&%\$#!'s! Snap to it! Look alive out there! Close ranks! Any of you °&%\$#!'s fall down, you crawl the rest of the way on your °&%\$#!' hands and knees!

Ha-ha, forgive me, Howard, I sort of got carried away ever since I saw "Patton"!



Well, here we are in the great outdoors! This is the life, eh, Howard? Sitting around a blazing campfire, toasting marshmallows!

I'm cold!

I'm tired!

I'm lonely!

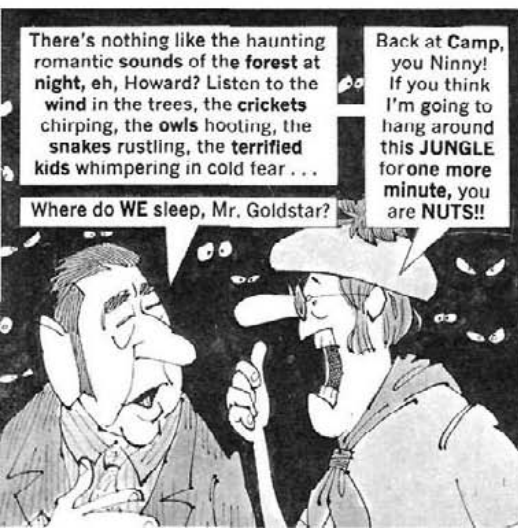
I'm sick!

Gee, I feel sorry for those kids!

They'll shut up in a minute, just as soon as they get something to eat!

How can you be so sure?

Did YOU ever try talking with hot, gooey marshmallows in your mouth?!!



There's nothing like the haunting romantic sounds of the forest at night, eh, Howard? Listen to the wind in the trees, the crickets chirping, the owls hooting, the snakes rustling, the terrified kids whimpering in cold fear...

Where do WE sleep, Mr. Goldstar?

Back at Camp, you Ninny! If you think I'm going to hang around this **JUNGLE** for one more minute, you are **NUTS!!**



Here they come... Whinnie—haha's Hikers... returning from the woods!

They look more like Napoleon's Army... retreating from Moscow!

I hope the Camp Dispensary is well-stocked with supplies!

We don't stint in that area! We have what **every** Camp Dispensary has: 27 bottles of Aspirin, and 18 bottles of Calamine Lotion!

What about Medical Equipment?!!

Oh, yes...! And one Rectal Thermometer!

I was bitten by a big black poisonous snake, Mr. Goldstar, and I'm gonna die!

Sorry! We've got nothing for that!

I sprained my back tripping over a Skunk!

We can't help you!

I broke three toes running from a Mountain Lion!

We can't help you either! Look, kids, all we've got here is Calamine Lotion and Aspirin!

I've got poison ivy, and I've got a terrible headache from worrying about it!

YOU, we can help!

Mr. Goldstar, I can't stand it any longer! This is a terrible place! The kids live in misery! I'm leaving!

Relax, Howard! You're getting **overwrought!** Look, I'll tell you what! Why don't you come over to my Bunk on the other side of the Camp, and we'll have a little drink! You'll feel better!

O.K., but then I'm leaving!



Well... how do you like it, Howard?

THIS... is your BUNK???

That's right! And this is my wife Selma, and these are my two kids! Every Summer, I love to come out here in the wilderness, open up the Camp, and rough it!

Selma, you wanna turn the air conditioner up a bit?

Like I always say, it's good for the soul to get out in God's country and grapple with the elements!

Selma, you wanna turn off the Stereo... and start my Sauna Bath...?



Mr. Goldstar, how can you live like this while your Parents out there live the way they do?

Very simple! You charge the Parents a fortune, put nothing into the Camp, invest in Blue Chips—

Sidney... could I speak to you for a moment?

Later, Selma!



Besides, Howard... aren't you exaggerating? Actually, it's a healthy, invigorating life for those youngsters! And it helps them to become better, self-reliant adult Americans!

Sidney!

What IS it, Selma?



Sidney, you gotta do something about our kids! They've been fighting all day! I'm not gonna have those brats hanging around the house and driving me nuts all summer!

What do you wanna DO with them???

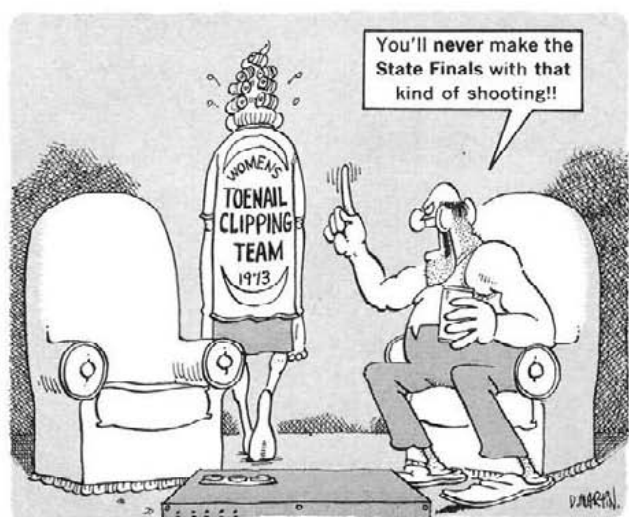
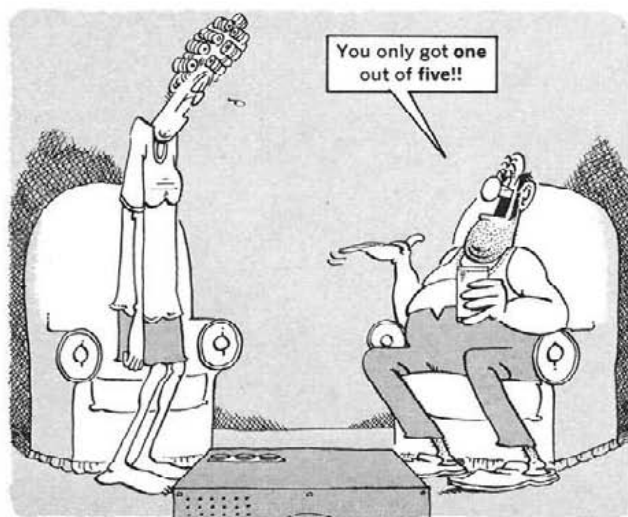
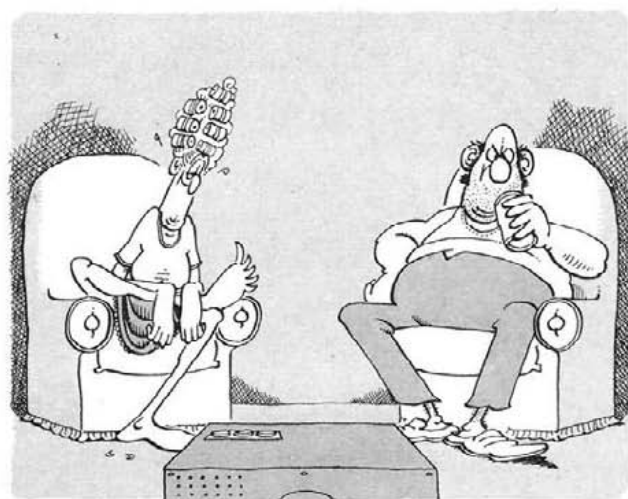
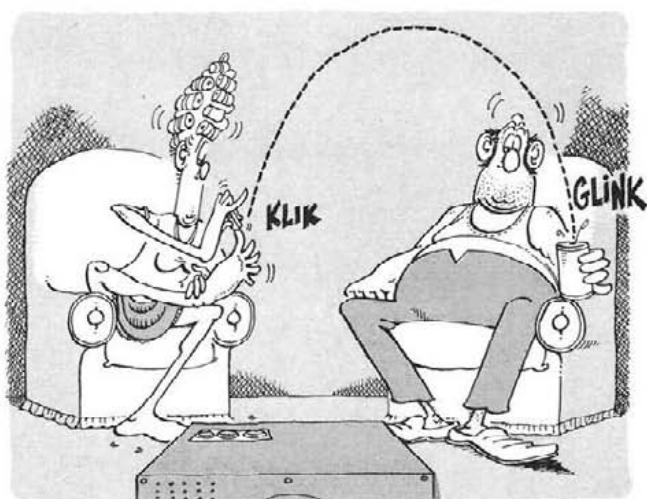
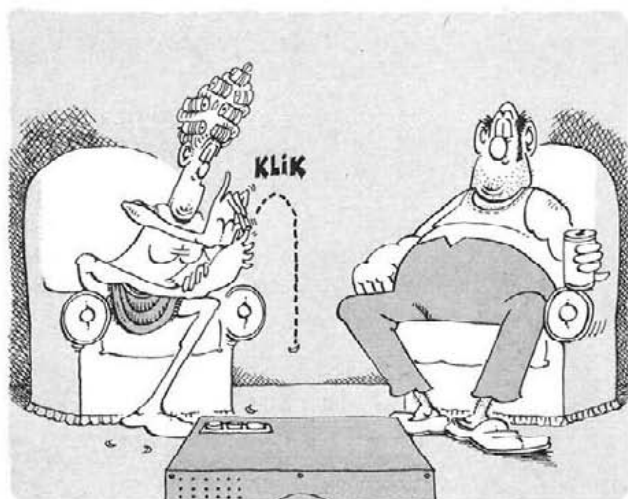
How about sending them to CAMP???

Camp??? Are you out of your mind??? Send my kids to Camp??? To live like pigs??? Do you know what it's like out there? The miserable food! The terrible living conditions! The unspeakable filth! Maybe YOU don't love your kids! Maybe YOU wanna send them to an early grave! Not ME!! Oh, no! I'm Sidney Goldstar! I've got a conscience! I've got pride, and—

And I'm Howard Excell, and I've got an upset stomach! So, back to MAD!



ONE EVENING AT HOME

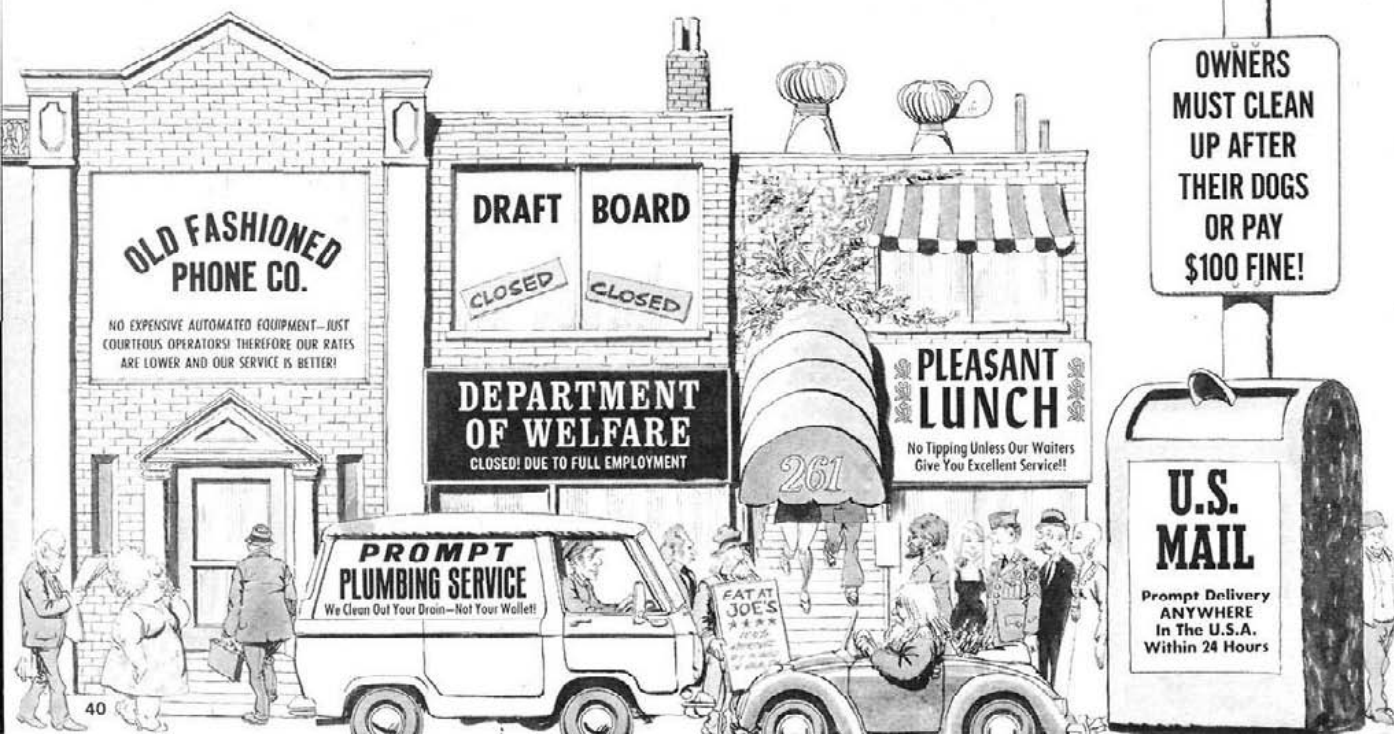


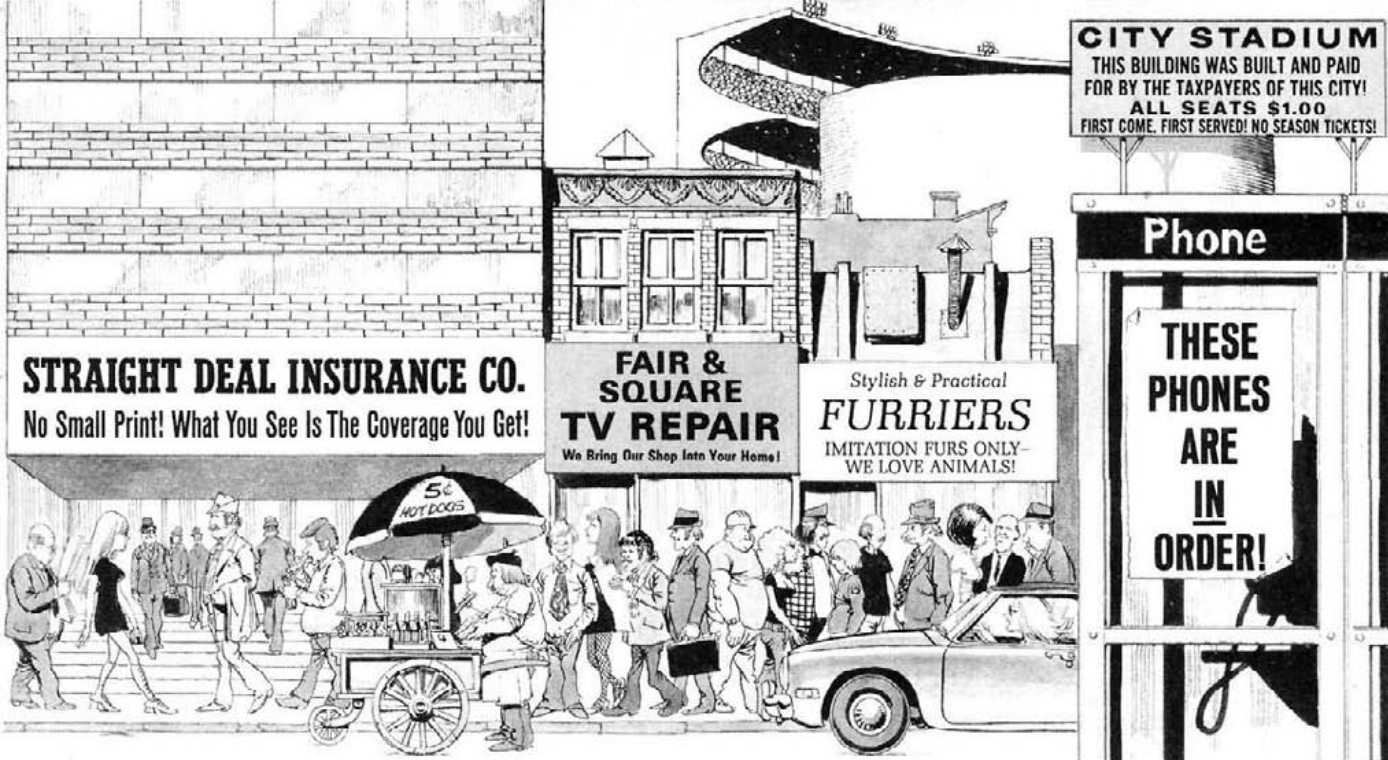


THOROUGHFARE-PLAY DEPT. PART I

A MAD CITY STREET SC

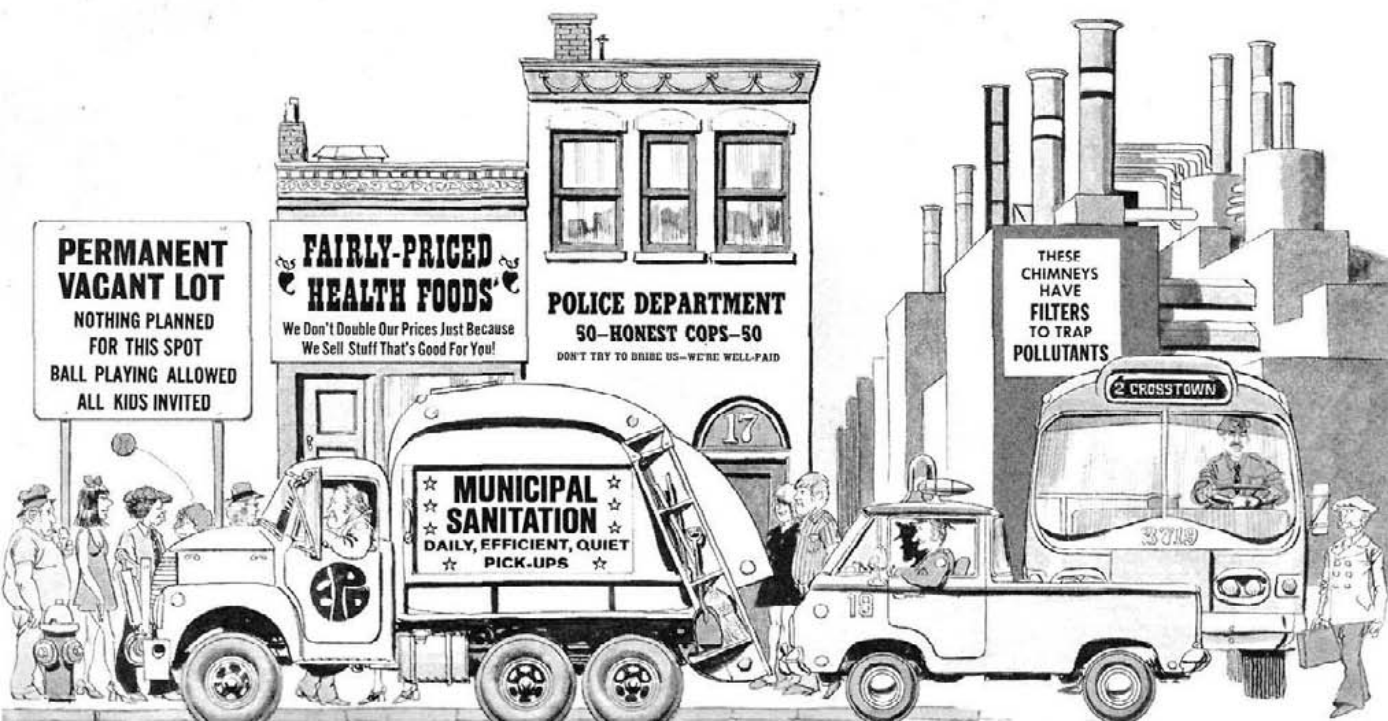
WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

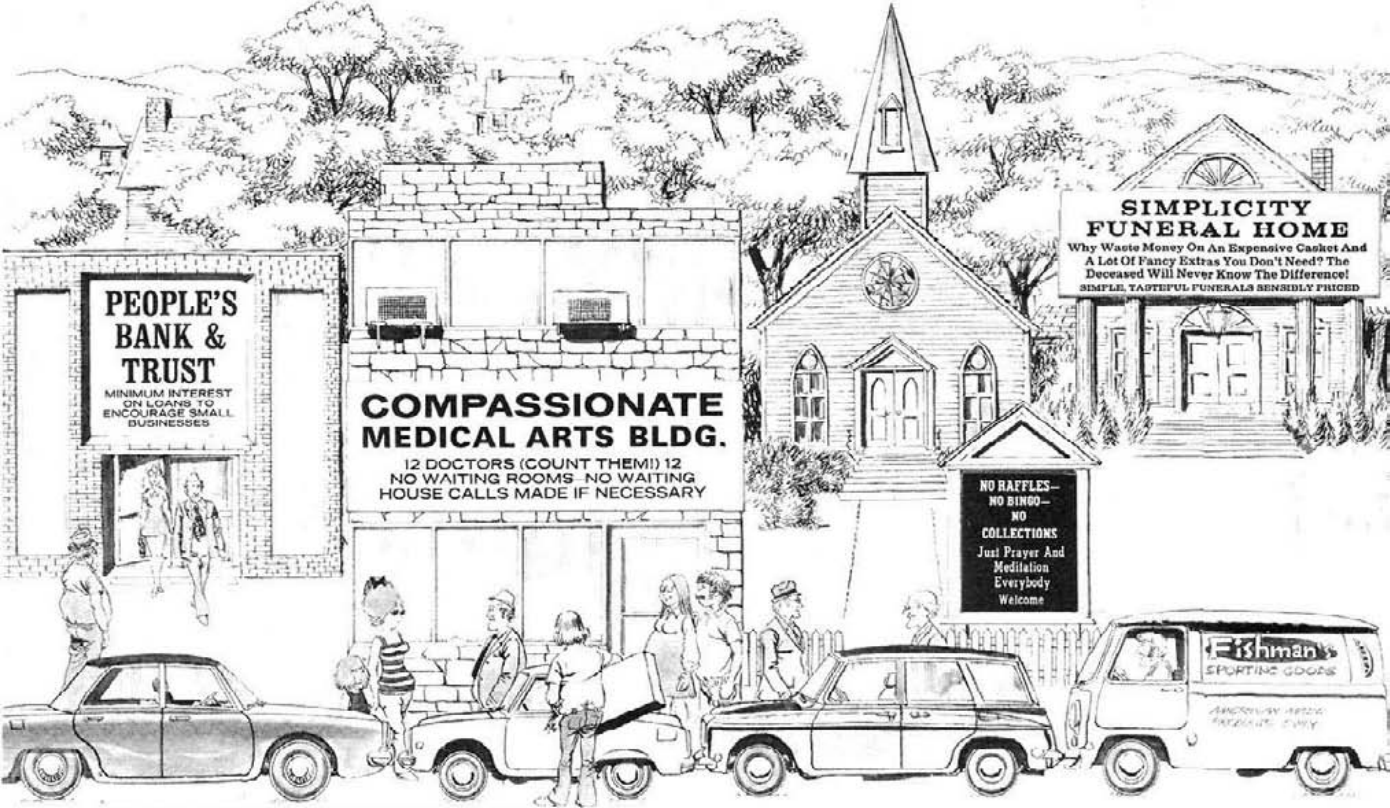




ENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE

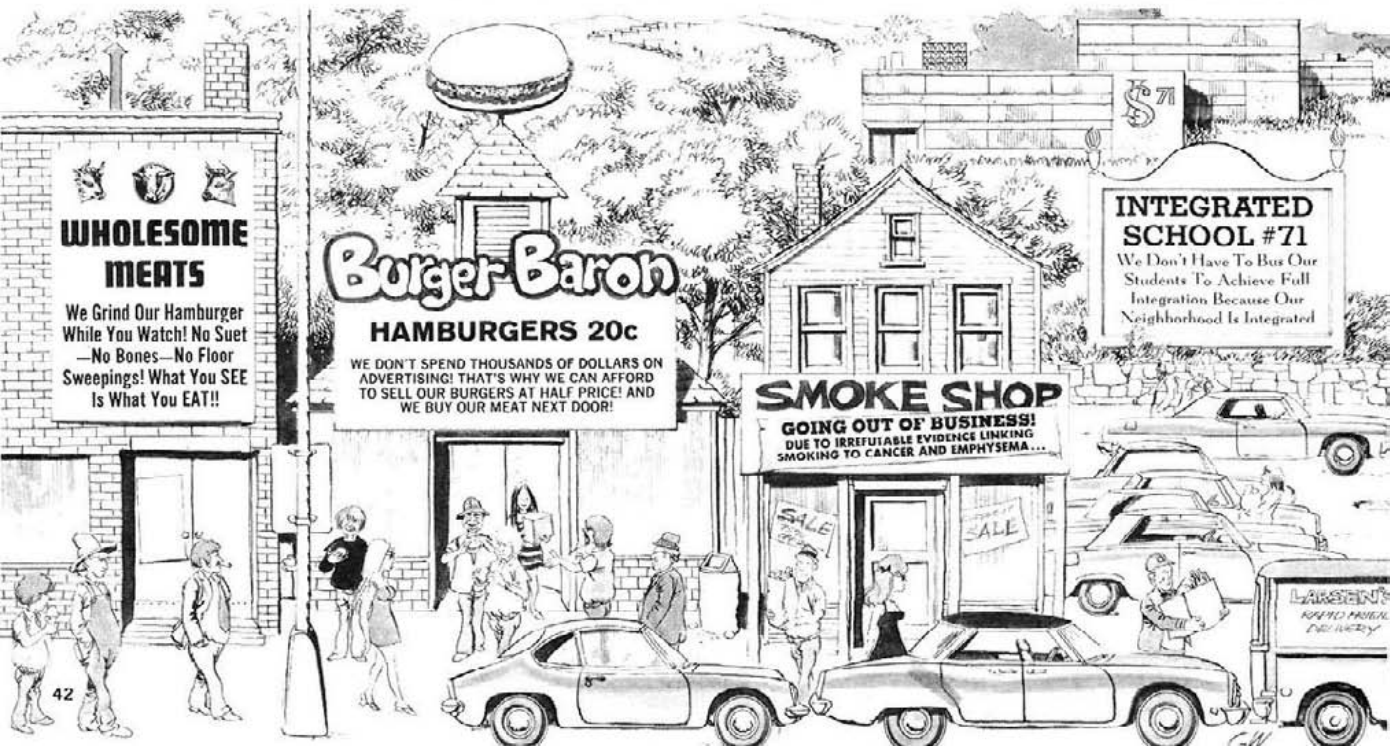
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE





THOROUGHFARE-PLAY DEPT. PART II

A MAD SUBURBAN STREET SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE



After subjecting the American TV Viewing Public to “*All In The Family*,” in which the Right-Wing Reactionary point of view was thoroughly misrepresented, and bigotry was depicted as lovable, C.B.S. is now blessing the Left-Wing Liberal point of view with *equal time . . . and equal misrepresentation . . .* by subjecting the TV Viewing Public to the ravings of a large loud lady named

BAWDE

**Six years old,
and you want
my written
permission
to get
married?!?
But . . . why??**

So that then, I can get **DIVORCED!** In this family, I feel **left out . . .** not having even **ONE** matrimonial failure on my record!

Er... speaking professionally as a Medical Man, I could use a little more coffee, Bawde...

More coffee?! Artery, do you know how long an exploited Brazilian peasant has to work at back-breaking stoop labor to provide you with one cup of coffee?

Uh . . . picking coffee beans isn't stoop labor, Bawde! They grow on TREES!

Shut up, Wallow! You know I always monopolize the opening scene by creating controversy about whatever we're discussing! And making a Left-Wing Issue out of a cup of coffee isn't easy!



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Not so fast, Buster!
You should be **ashamed**,
holding down that job
year after year when
thousands of members
of **Minority Groups**
are **out of work!**

Please don't scream at me every morning, Lady! What's wrong with the service I give you, anyhow??

Well, for one thing, you show your **prejudice** by never leaving us any bottles of **BLACK** milk!

I'd like to grab that pipsqueak Milkman and hang him by his fibula!

The fibula is a bone in the lower leg, Bawde!

I know! But if our stupid audience thinks I'm talking dirty again, they'll send the **Network** more of those indignant letters that get us so much free publicity!



Now, everybody clear out! I've been appointed by the League of Baritone Women to head up their "Voter Registration Drive", and I have a lot of calls to make!

You can start with ME, Bawde! I'M not registered to vote!

Wallow, don't be ridiculous! You are the very type we want to take the vote AWAY FROM... a middle class white Male! Yecccc!!!



'Bye, Mom! if you need me, I'll be making hand grenades for the Black Panthers all morning! I'll be at an Anarchist Lunch Rally! And this afternoon, I'm helping Weathermen throw rocks at Public Buildings!

That's really great, Dear...

I'll just be at the Hospital... performing delicate surgery to save a victim of a Coronary!

Artery... when are you ever going to stop fooling around and start making something of yourself?!



What do you mean, you can't register to vote because you're not a citizen?!? Listen, Golda, I didn't blow twenty bucks on an overseas call just to have you turn me down!

Oh I wish I wuz in de land ub cotton!

Utah... I don't want to hear you singing that song in this house again!

What's wrong with it?

It merely reinforces the stereotyped image of your people that bigots already have! Now, tap dance out to the kitchen and enjoy some of that nice watermelon I bought you!

DING DONG

Just sign your little names here... and you can become registered voters for the Gay Liberation Party, the Universal Abortion Party, or the Pro-Porno Party...

Lady, we're only selling COOKIES! We don't know what those things mean!

I know you don't! But our viewers do! And you brats just gave me a chance to boost our Nielsen rating by shocking twenty million people three times in one sentence!



I'll buy ALL of your cookies if you each pick out fifty ethnics to call and demand that they vote against WASP chauvinist swine!

Bawde, why don't you give all this up, and use your natural ability to help people who really need you?

You mean... I should go to Washington and lobby for the underprivileged??

No, you should go to Detroit and play Linebacker for the Lions!

God will get you for that, Wallow!

Gee! That's the 217th time this season you've said that, but I never get tired of hearing it!

Why? Because it shows that I still have a sparkling wit, even though I'm angry?!

No... because it still gets a laugh, even though it's NOT FUNNY!!



By the way, aren't you home from the store a little **EARLY**, Wallow? It's only 9:30 A.M.!

I know! The Producer thought I might shock a few more stations into cutting us off the air this week if I just hung around the house and talked about my hemorrhoids!

Well, I'm busy! So if you plan to make a lot of **sexy** remarks leading into a vulgar bedroom scene, you'll have to do it with the Maid!!

What a great idea! It's so shocking, even the Producer hasn't thought of it yet!

Veg-a-toble Man is-a here, Lady!

Oh, good! I must get you registered as a **Minority Group Voter**!

I'm-a not sure that's such-a good-a idea!

Nonsense! Think of **Old World** pride! Wouldn't you like to some day cast a ballot for a candidate with the same heritage as you?

Sure! But-a who'll-a buy **veg-a-tobles** from-a me on **this-a show** again when they find out I'm-a vote for **Spiro Agnew**!



I want a big bunch of dried carrot tops and fifty pounds of bananas! Then go tell all the neighbors about it!

Tell 'em-a what? That you people eat a weird food?

No... that we smoke it, and you're our Pusher! We need that type of status symbol to maintain our image as enlightened Liberals!



Call the Police! There's a Spick rooting through my clothes closet!

Don't ever use that ugly word to describe one of our underprivileged Latin-American brothers! You should be glad to share your wardrobe with those less fortunate—

He's already cleaned out YOUR closet!

Hold these, while I go teach that shiftless Wetback to keep his greasy paws off White People's property!



Stop struggling! I merely want to lend you my understanding ear as you pour out your pathetic tale of oppression that forced you into a life of Crime!

Then please stop tearing off MY understanding ear, or nothing will pour out except my brains... all over your carpet!

You shouldn't have tried to overpower him alone, Bawde! That's a job for the Police!

ME... turn a fellow human being over to the brutality of those **Fascist Pigs!** Never!! Besides, this was the first chance I had to practice since I won my **Black Belt** in Groin-Kicking!

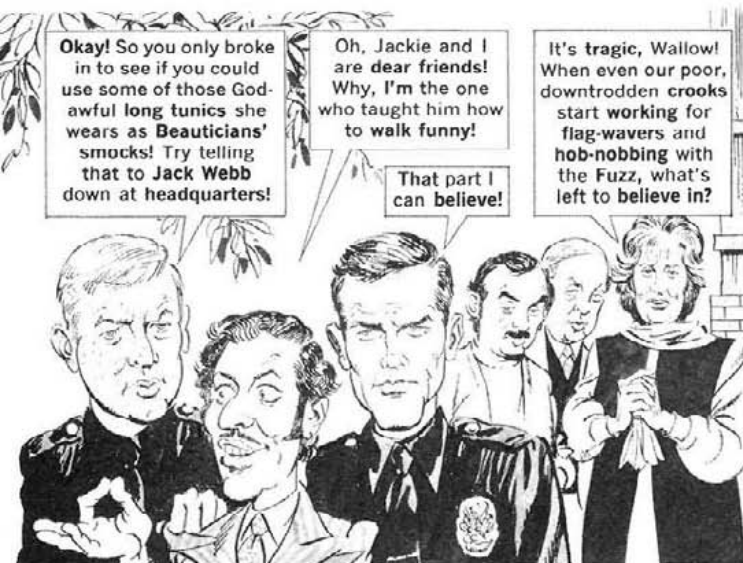
What an earache she gave me! Ooh!

We don't discuss mundane physical problems like earaches in this house! How are your hemorrhoids?

Don't badger him, Wallow! Tell me... do you prefer being called a Chicano or a Mexican-American?

Well... like most Bolivians, I don't especially like being called either one!







Well, I guess you want to get started on the fun and games, so I'll introduce you to the hot little chick you've drawn for tonight!

Great! I can see that this is going to be a big milestone in TV Comedy ... the pinnacle of raunchy bad taste ... the ultimate disgusting shocker!



Edith ... say hello to Wallow!

Pleased t' meetcha, I'm sure!

Well ... ol' Buddy? What do you think?

I think I was right! This is **definitely** the ultimate disgusting shocker!



Somehow, you don't seem quite the type to be at a place like this!

Oh, I'll go anywhere to get away from home! My Husband's always throwing tantrums and spouting his crazy opinions and treating me like an idiot!

No kidding?? I thought I was the only one who had that kind of marriage!



... and if you attempt to talk sense, does yours try to stifle you?

That's his favorite word! My! The two of them are so much alike, you would think they were dreamed up by the same Producer!

They WERE! Which explains why we have so much in common! Now, let's go someplace and talk about US!

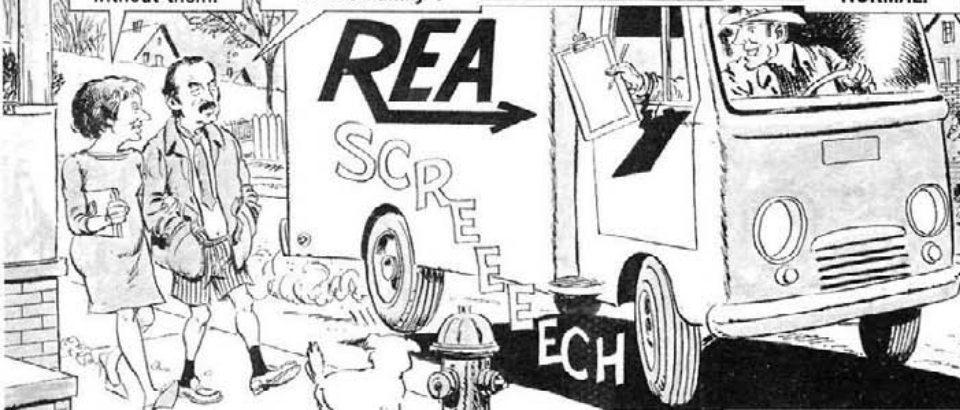


A double divorce ceremony?! I'd like that! But how could we earn a living without them?

Easy! We'll start our own TV Series! Maybe call it something like "Peace and Quiet In The Family"!

Oh, that should be a big hit with all the viewers who are fed up with smut and screaming and social messages on Comedy Shows!

Yeah! And to be really different, we'll co-star a couple of kids who just act NORMAL!



GOD'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!

Are you sure that's your Wife?!? It sounds exactly like my Husband!!



**WHAT OLD
INDIAN TRICK
IS ACTUALLY
AVENGING THE
WHITE MAN'S
MASSACRES?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

The White Man's guns were just too much for the primitive American Indians. But the Indians had a "secret weapon" far deadlier than their bows and arrows. Today, its impact is being felt more and more. To find out exactly what this sneaky Weapon of Revenge is, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



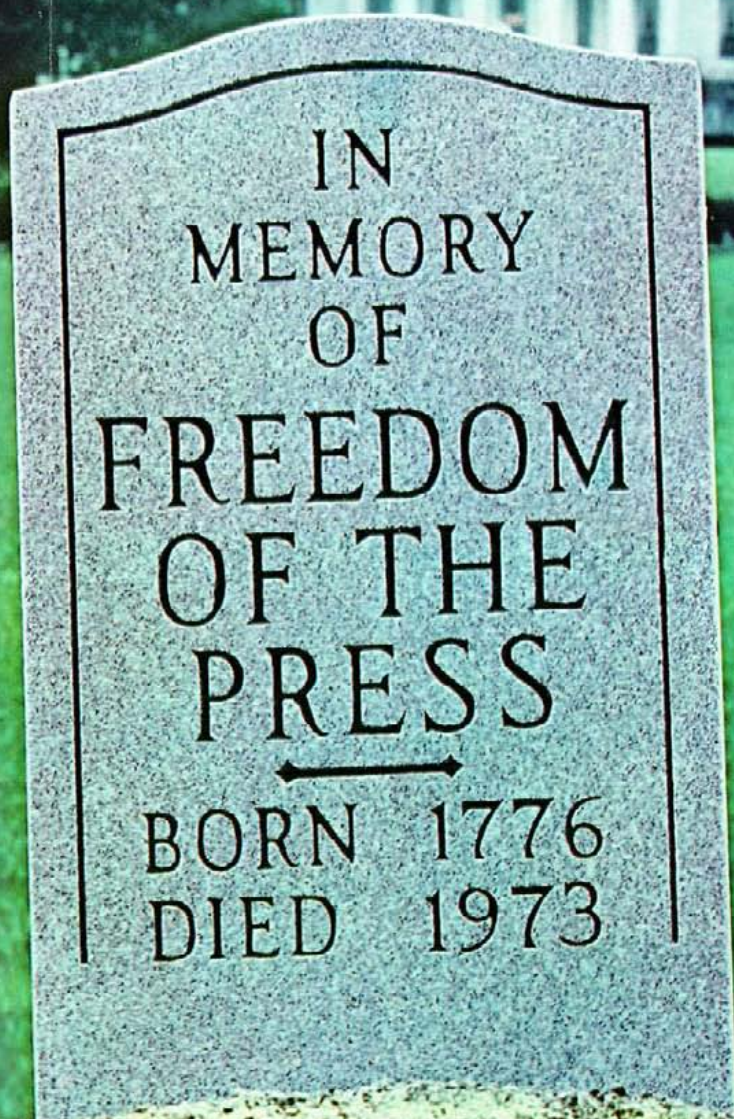
**THE U.S. GOVT.'S INDIAN POLICY HAS ALWAYS BEEN BADLY
TAINTED. MANY UNDESERVED, SAVAGE ARMY ATTACKS BROUGHT
PALMS-OUT SURRENDERS. SUCH WARS WERE ALWAYS THE PREFACE
TO SMELLY TREATIES CALCULATED TO KEEP THE INDIANS BROKE**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A

B

IF IT WERE UP TO THE NIXON GANG...



IN
MEMORY
OF

FREEDOM
OF THE
PRESS

—→
BORN 1776
DIED 1973